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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 318.—Vol. XXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 5, 1910 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

TOBOGGANING IN ENGLAND

We are afforded few opportunities in this country of indulging in the cult of the toboggan, but they are keenly welcomed when they arrive. The sport has been enjoyed just recently at Chatsworth, and generally throughout the Midlands

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RACING NOTIONS. BY CARBINE.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed the MSS. will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made for all accepted matter. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. All Short Stories submitted should be accompanied by a brief *resumé* of the plot. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 2860 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

THEATRES.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS. By M. Rickthall. (Murray: 6s.)
THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY. By Canon P. A. Sheehan. (Longmans: 6s.)
THE ROAR OF THE SEA. By W. Wood. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)
THE POWDER PUFF. By Frantz Blei. (Chatto and Windus: 3s. 6d.)
ROBINSON CRUSOE. By Daniel Defoe. (Frowde, Hodder and Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.)
ROBIN HOOD. By J. Finnemore. (A. and C. Black.)
PEEPS AT MANY LANDS (GERMANY). By Mrs. A. Sidgwick. (A. and C. Black.)
ROYAL LOVERS. By Helene Vacaresce. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BELGRAVIA. By E. B. Chancellor. (Pitman: 20s. net.)
ROSSMARY'S LETTER BOOK. By W. L. Courtney. (Melrose: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE CHILDREN'S STORY OF THE BEE. By S. L. Bensusan. (Mills and Boon: 5s. net.)
SIXTY YEARS IN NEW ZEALAND. By A. H. Black. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
GEORGE MEREDITH. By J. Moffatt. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
THE LONELY LOVERS. By H. W. C. Newte. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
KING CHARLES. By G. Bendall. (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)
GRANITE. By J. Trevena. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF H. M. STANLEY. By D. Stanley. (Low: 21s. net.)
BOOM. By W. Caine. (Greening: 6s.)
THE SECRET OF THE RAFT. By H. Townley. (Greening: 6s.)
BEYOND MAN'S STRENGTH. By M. Hartley. (Heinemann: 3s. net.)
A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
INTENTIONS. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
ROBERT EMMET. By S. Gwynn. (Macmillan: 6s.)
THE FLORENTINE FRAME. By Elizabeth Robins. (Murray: 6s.)
ROMANTIC CORSICA. By George Renwick. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.)
IN THREE LEGATIONS. By Mme. Chas. de Bunsen. (Fisher Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.)
THE MAN IN LOWER TEN. By Mary Rinehart. (Cassell: 6s.)
EGYPTIAN BIRDS. By C. Whymper. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)
DEPORTMENTAL DITTIES. By H. Graham. (Mills and Boon: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE WHEATSTACK. By J. S. Fletcher. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)
ON EVERYTHING. By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
HAUNTED HOUSES OF LONDON. By E. O'Donnell. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. 6d. net.)
MELBA. By Agnes M. Murphy. (Chatto and Windus: 16s. net.)
NATURE WALKS AND TALKS. By T. Carreras. (Partridge: 2s. 6d.)
SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Illustrated by Sir J. D. Linton, P.R.I. (Hodder and Stoughton: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE COOKERY BOOK OF LADY CLARK OF TILLYPRONIE. Edited by C. F. Frere. (Constable: 6s. net.)
HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH CIVIL. By the Rev. E. T. Hardy. (Fisher Unwin: 5s. net.)

CHARITIES.

SUFFERING and STARVING.

Hundreds of deserving UNEMPLOYED are thronging the CHURCH ARMY'S RELIEF DEPOTS, LABOUR HOMES, etc., imploring WORK to earn FOOD and FIRING for their wives and little ones. The distress is TERRIBLE. Urgently Needed:—FUNDS, Old Clothes, Firewood Orders (3s. 6d. per 100 bundles), and waste paper for sorting. Cheques, crossed Barclays', payable Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Sec., or Mr. W. F. Hamilton, K.C., Hon. Treas., Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

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All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, "The Graphic" Office, Tallis Street, London, E.C.
Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, 35, Rue Lafayette.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded

The World's Pageant

January 1, 1910

TO be able to wish my readers a Happy New Year is indeed a pleasure. Not meeting them personally, I can do so without the fear that they will immediately say—"Oh, thanks, thanks; same to you! . . Now what do *you* think will be the result of the, etc., etc." The time occupied daily in replying to this would, if carefully saved, enable me to produce twice as much BYSTANDER at the end of the week. It is not the actual answering of the question itself that takes the time and space so much as the gestures which must needs accompany the answer.

Absent, Yet Present! Unionism's Guiding Spirit

Though the voice of Mr Chamberlain is silent in the land, his written words continue daily to inspire his followers. If it is not the good fortune of the public now to look upon the face as shown above, this snapshot (taken three and a half years ago) reminds us that the spirit of the old campaigner is still with us

Election Exercises

It is impossible to forecast the Election result without a good healthy pair of arms and plenty of circumferential space. The favourite and most expressive exercise is that with which you discuss "the swing of the pendulum." "Last time," you point out, "in 1906, it went like this," and out goes your arm as far to the right of you as it will go. "Now, this time, by the ordinary laws of motion, it should come back at least as far as (swinging the arm rapidly across to the left) this, if not as far as (another twelve inches) this, and, therefore, there is a reasonable chance of a Unionist majority of at least so-and-so." Of course, some people prefer statistics, charts, election ladders, thermometers, and other aids to the expression of their theories. But the swing of the pendulum exercise is by far the most effective and healthful. I strongly recommend it to residents in more spacious parts of the country, or to users of the parks, squares, and Embankment, and other non-populous parts of the town. For railway carriages, smoking-rooms, dinner tables, and seats in theatres, it is not to be thought of.

A Year With a Familiar Name

1910. Sounds familiar, somehow. . . . Ah, yes, of course, I remember! 1910, *The Invasion of*, by William Le Queux. The year that has come in is the year of Wrath and Wreckage and Retribution! While I hope that the end of it may prove Mr. Le Queux to be least among the prophets, I confess I don't like the look of things. Firstly, there is a great probability of a return of the Government at the Election by some sort of majority. Even if Unionism does the utmost execution, for it to capture a sufficiency of seats to instal itself strongly in power would be a veritable miracle. Let this be borne in mind. To the victors, the spoils. A return of the Radicals will be a triumph not for the Whig section of the Cabinet, which is fairly trustworthy and patriotic, but for the Radical-Socialist section. The stars in the ascendant will be Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill, who look for their support to the left and not the right wing. The policy to be followed will be Radical not Liberal. In ordinary circumstances, one might not fear this so very much, but when the Question of Questions is National Defence, when the position of the country in Europe is critical to danger-point, imagine having at the head of affairs the Pro-Boer of 1900, the ejected of Birmingham, dependent for his support on an anti-English combine of Welsh and Irish, and upon the Socialists. Where will those Dreadnoughts be then? Mr. George talks of a strong Navy, but not from his heart. His whole career proves him to be anti-English. He is as much a stranger among the Saxons as—well, his favourite Jew himself. One may well pray for deliverance from such a leadership in a time of national peril, and it is to be hoped and expected that, however Ireland, Wales, and Scotland may vote, England will return an overwhelming majority for the Union and National Safety, whatever its views on one or two other topics.

The Turn of the Tide

Apart from this, the fight is going, it seems, far better for the Imperial Party. As was carefully foreseen, the Radicals spent their fury a little too soon. They raged and ramped at the Lords right royally—but they did not realise that they had left John Bull a good deal of time to think it over. John is now doing this. He sees what the Peers did with the Budget was merely to ask his opinion about it. He has seen Peers on platforms, and has realised that these are men just as himself—plain, solid Englishmen, with a turn for straightness of talk, and, in some cases, men of a brilliancy unequalled in the Commons. Lastly, he has been made to realise the danger to the Empire of a revival of the Home Rule madness, coupled with a cynical indifference to the proved needs of the Navy. And, in this state of mind, it is exceedingly likely he will remain until the time comes to place that cross against the Unionist candidate for his division.

Lord Curzon's Vindication

Of all Mr. Lloyd George's recent outbursts, nothing surpassed his violent personal attack on Lord Curzon. Fortunately, Lord Curzon

ONLY A WEEK MORE.

UNIQUE

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ELECTION COMPETITION

The Editor of "THE BYSTANDER" offers

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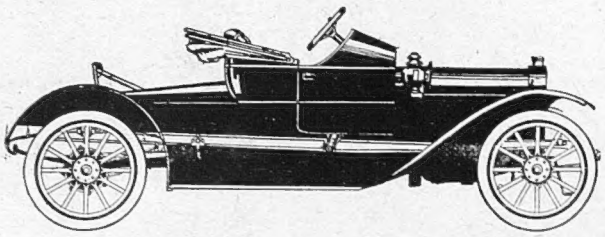
A 4-cyl. 18 h.p. (developing 22·4 R.A.C. rating). Complete with Empress type of body, tools, lamps, and all accessories. Value £265.



TO THE READER WHO SENDS IN THE BEST ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION:

Which of the Two Parties will secure the Larger Number of Votes Polled in the United Kingdom, and by what majority?

Entry Form, "Bystander" Election Forecast, 1910.

I estimate, as the result of the polling in the contested Elections of 1910, a majority for the ..... party of ..... votes, and agree to accept as final the decision of the following gentlemen:—

VIVIAN CARTER, Esq., *Editor of "The Bystander."*
CARMICHAEL THOMAS, Esq.
HAROLD COX, Esq., M.P.

Name.....*(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)*

Address.....

HINTS AND ADVICE TO COMPETITORS.

Study carefully the table given below of the numbers of votes given the rival parties in previous General Elections. Then, according to your opinion of the chances at the forthcoming contest, fill in on the above form first the name of the party which you believe to be the likely victor ("Liberal" or "Unionist"), and then the majority in votes which you calculate that it will secure at the polls in contested elections of the United Kingdom.

Previous majorities are printed in black figures in line marked*, and are taken from the Constitutional Year Book (1s.)

Under the heading "Liberal" are to be included also Labour, Socialist, and Irish Nationalists.

The entry form duly filled in, post to *Election Editor*, THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.* The latest date for receipt of entries is January 14, first post.

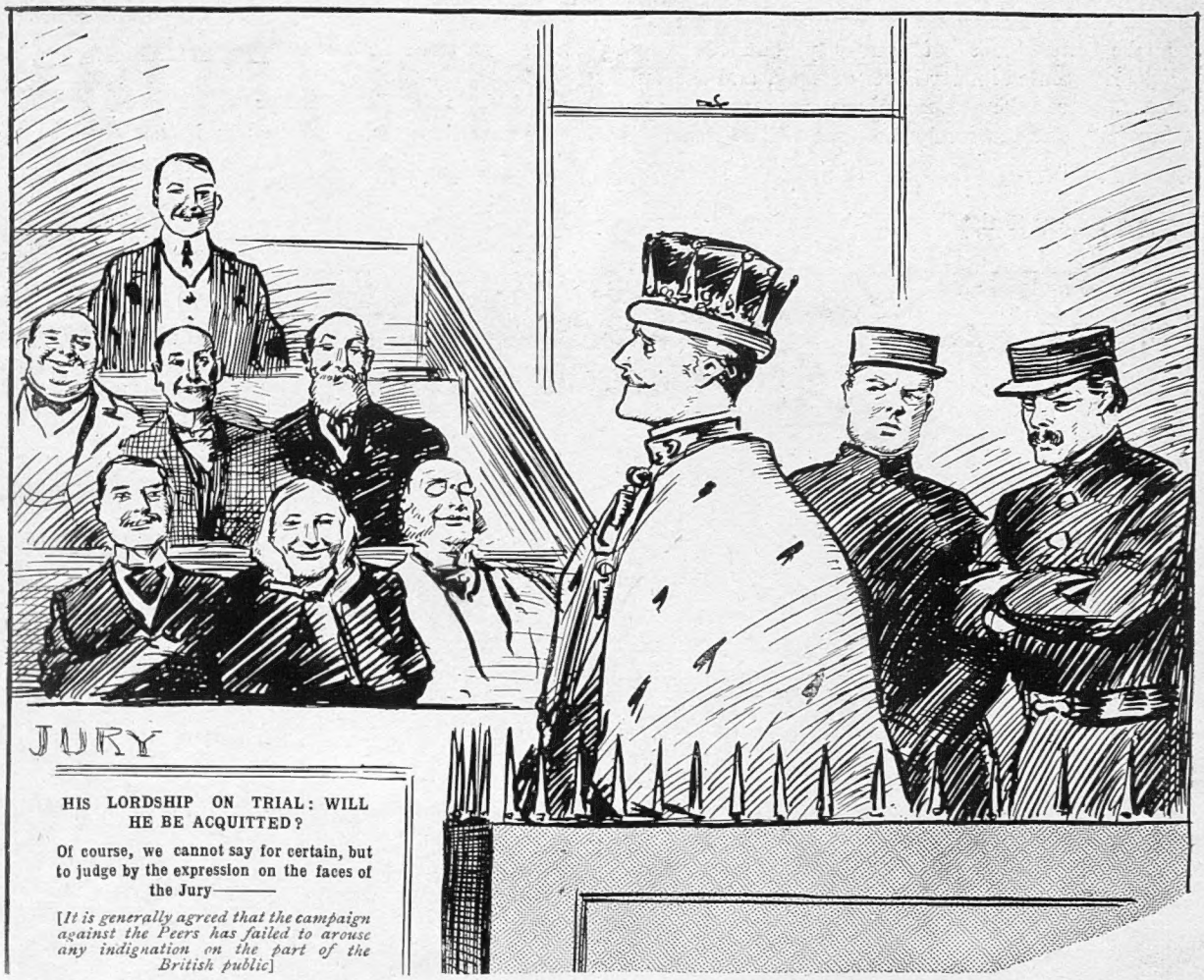
Votes Polled and Party Majorities in Previous General Elections.

GENERAL ELECTION, 1895.		GENERAL ELECTION, 1900.		GENERAL ELECTION, 1906.	
(Unionist Majority in Parliament, 152.)		(Unionist Majority in Parliament, 134.)		(Liberal Majority in Parliament, 354.)	
Unionists	1,780,753	Unionists	1,676,020	Liberals (including Labour and Irish Nationalists)	3,168,595
Liberals (including Labour and Irish Nationalists)	1,841,470	Liberals (including Labour and Irish Nationalists)	1,602,863	Unionists	2,463,606
*Liberal Majority of Votes Polled,	**60,717**	Unionist Majority of Votes Polled,	**73,157**	Liberal Majority of Votes Polled	**704,989**

RULES.

1. Readers may send in as many Entry Forms as they wish.
2. No member of the staff of "The Bystander," "Graphic," or "Daily Graphic" is entitled to compete.
3. All forecasts must be plainly written in ink in the space provided in the above Entry Form.
4. No entry-form received after first post on January 14, the date of the first polling.
5. The Motor-Car will be given to the sender of the Entry Form which most accurately forecasts the actual figures. In case of a "tie," preference will be given to the Entry Form first received.
6. Cases where petitions for unseating may be lodged will not be taken into consideration.
7. In the event of two competitors sending in forecasts of equal merit, the prize will go to the entry first received at the Office.

The Political Cause Célèbre



HIS LORDSHIP ON TRIAL: WILL HE BE ACQUITTED?

Of course, we cannot say for certain, but to judge by the expression on the faces of the Jury———

[*It is generally agreed that the campaign against the Peers has failed to arouse any indignation on the part of the British public*]

is not among the invalids, and was able to repel the attack with tremendous force. He splendidly vindicated his seven years of Indian Viceroyalty from the foolish and fatuous charge of "muddle." If Lord Curzon had a difficulty which led to his resignation, it was one in which he should, were there any honesty among his enemies, have had Radical support, for was it not his firm insistence on the need for supreme civil as against military control in India that caused the dispute with Kitchener? Upon what Liberal ground does Mr. Lloyd George attack his position in that matter?

The Joys of the Forecast

Who will win? is still the eternal cry. THE BYSTANDER Competition has done its share in stimulating the interest and encouraging the zeal of the prophets. A very highly placed Army officer, who, by the way, tells me that he is entering for our competition, was informed by perhaps the most distinguished and respected of the present Cabinet Ministers that he expected a Liberal majority of fifty seats. "But," continued the famous statesman, "there is such a general uncertainty as to the feeling of the electorate that a majority of two hundred for *either* side would not surprise me." This, in face of the Rad-Soc scream that they are going to sweep the country, is vastly entertaining. By the way, I would remind entrants for our competition that it is the majority of *votes polled* that they are required to forecast and not the majority in seats. All are earnestly recommended to study the figures of previous elections given on the opposite page.

Royal Plans for 1910

To chronicle the Royal plans for 1910 it is necessary only to repeat, with the slightest of alterations, the Royal plans for 1909, for 1908, and for all the other years. The King will go as usual to Biarritz in March, and at the end of a three or four weeks' stay joins the Queen and the Princess Victoria on the Royal Yacht in the Mediterranean. He does not return to England till

> Spring speaks again
> And all our woods are stirred . . .

when the racing season is once more in going order. Queen Alexandra is expected to remain abroad for some weeks longer than the King, and on her return will participate to a limited extent only in the ordinary routine of the London season.

The Wales Programme

It is partly owing to the fact that the Queen will probably not attend any large number of next season's functions that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to South Africa has been postponed from May until September. For there are still a few seasonal events at which it is really almost impossible to dispense altogether with the presence of one or

The Dramatist of the Moment

other of our First Ladies. The Princess of Wales, no less than the Queen, prefers the quiet of domestic life to the attractions of publicity, but her Royal Highness's sense of duty is very strong, and she may always be relied upon, when necessary, to take very charmingly and graciously the place of the Queen.

The African Visit

The journey to the Cape will be made on a liner, for the Princess is no lover of the sea, and is a most indifferent sailor. It is probable that Prince Edward will accompany his parents. His Royal Highness by that time will have completed his studies at Dartmouth and be reading for the University. The question of taking Princess Mary is also under consideration. The only daughter of the Heir-Apparent is growing fast, and it is thought that the long sea voyage, with its unlimited fresh air, will be beneficial to her health. The party will not be back in England until just before Christmas, and the Royal children will, as before, remain with their grandparents during the absence of their father and mother.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Famous Belgian Poet and Playwright, with his Wife

M. Maeterlinck, whose *Blue Bird* has made such a success at the Haymarket, is a very matter-of-fact man for a poet, and inclined to lead the simple life. His wife, whose clothes invariably create a sensation, is a dramatic actress of great intensity

Royal Visits and Some Visitors

In accordance with the custom he has established, the King will make a few provincial visits during the year, one of which will be to Edinburgh to be present at the dedication of the new Chapel of the Knights of the Thistle in St. Giles's Cathedral. On the 21st of this month the Court will, as usual, go to Windsor to be present at the Memorial Service for Queen Victoria, which last year all the Royal ladies were unable to attend owing to severe colds. During the year, either in England in the summer or in the Mediterranean in the spring, it is arranged that a meeting shall take place between King Edward and the King of Italy, and the new King of the Belgians may also come to England towards the end of the year to receive at the hands of King Edward the Garter left vacant by the death of Leopold II. There is no probability that, for reasons which it is usual to describe as "interesting," either the Queen of Holland or the Queen of Spain will formally visit England.

Poor, Dear Ireland

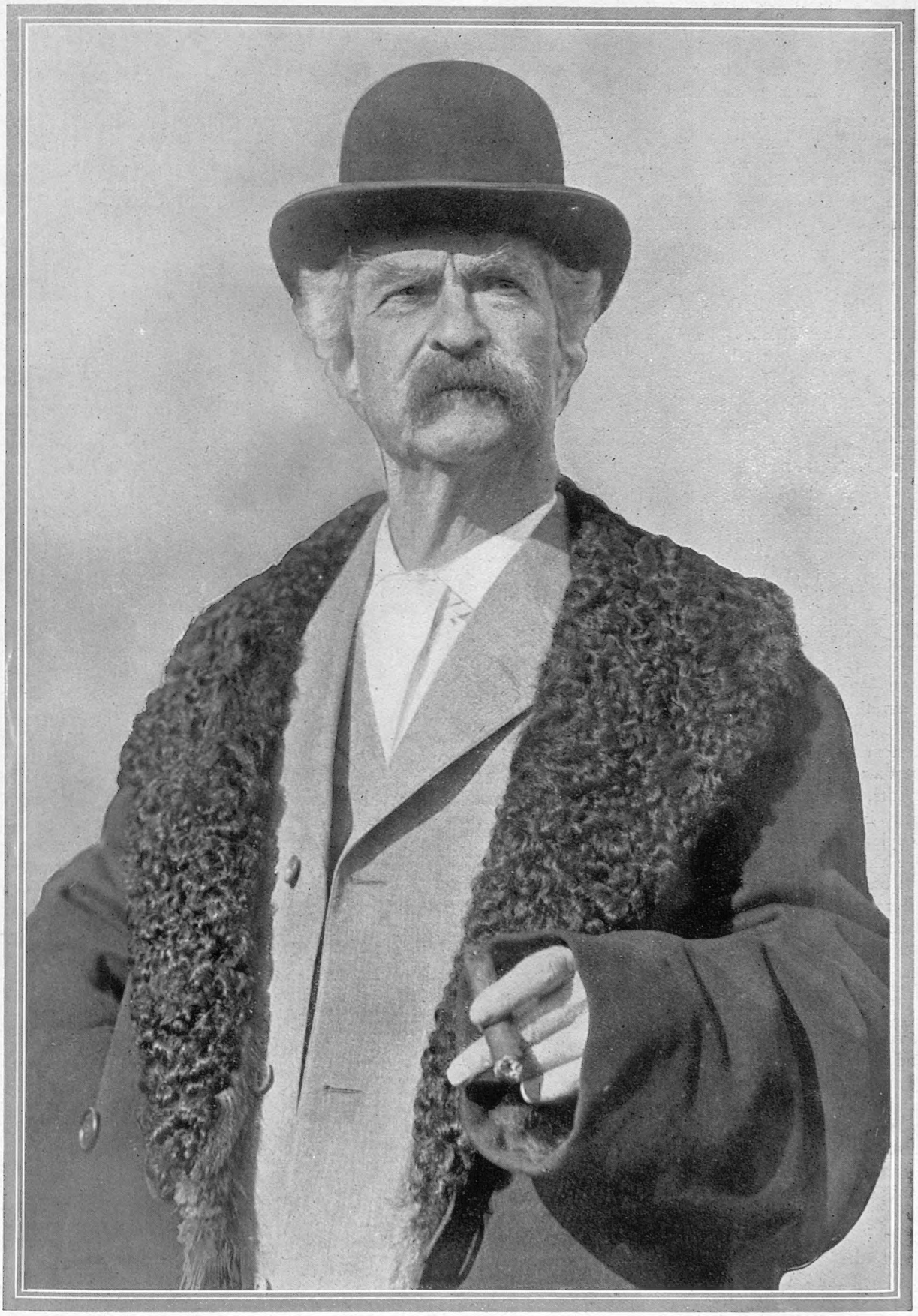
Over in Ireland, where, in the ordinary way, the season would already have opened with a New Year's party at the Castle, social matters are at a deadlock. A few necessary Court functions will take place, but owing to the Lord-Lieutenant's deep mourning nothing else in the way of entertainment is contemplated; while at the Chief Secretary's Lodge and the Royal Hospital all hope of efforts in this direction has been for some time now entirely abandoned.

A New Viceroy

The only thing talked about in Dublin last week was the prospect of a new Viceroy. It is so characteristic of the dear Irish, isn't it, that, by all outward appearance, at any rate, the subject of the General Election does not interest them the least little bit? When I was over there the betting seemed to be on Lord Granard if the Liberals remained in office, or on the Duke of Westminster if the Tories returned to power. Both names, however, from the popularity point of view, ran each other very close.

"Dying? Not at My Time of Life!"

MARK TWAIN DENIES ANOTHER EXAGGERATED REPORT ABOUT HIS HEALTH



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT AMERICAN HUMORIST

Photographed for "The Bystander" at Redding, Connecticut. He has again had to repudiate the American reporters' gentle insinuations as to his approaching demise. The famous author has recently suffered a sad bereavement in the loss of his youngest daughter, Jean, at the early age of twenty-eight

The Late and the New Earls Percy

The Late Lord Percy

The deepest sympathy is felt for the Percy family in the great loss they have sustained through the death, at the early age of thirty-eight, of Earl Percy, the heir to the Dukedom. The late Earl was never particularly robust, and from the very beginning of his tragically short illness it was feared that his constitution would not be able to stand the strain. Lord Percy very strikingly resembled in appearance his father, the Duke of Northumberland; but there was never a Hotspur in appearance and manner so little a Hotspur as Earl Percy. Small, slight, very pale and fair, rather hesitating in speech, careful and precise in manner, Lord Percy was pre-eminently the thinker, the student. Politics were his hobby, and he was an extremely fine speaker, witty, convincing, and eloquent. His address moving the Opposition amendment to a recent famous Home Rule motion was a memorable speech. He was a great friend of Lord and Lady Desborough, and constantly joined the always delightful parties that assemble at Taplow Court.

Photo *Lafayette*

The New Earl Percy

Formerly Lord Alan Ian Percy, second son of the Duke of Northumberland. He is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and is now serving with the Egyptian Army

The Past Season

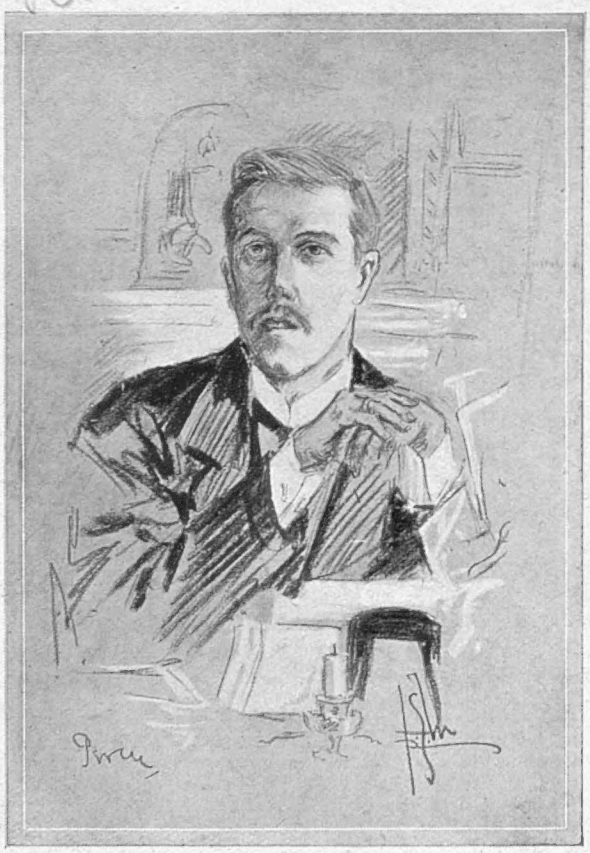
At the end or beginning of the year it is customary to review the past and discuss social events, good, bad, and indifferent. Most people are agreed on one thing, and that is the badness of the season of 1909. I cordially concur, for the summer was bad and the autumn season worse. So I really believe it would be impossible for the coming season to be more stale and unprofitable than the one that has passed away. All the year people have been grumbling at the scarcity of money, and declaring that they were hard-up, and yet there has never been seen so many costly motor-cars about the streets, nor has any London season seen so many magnificently dressed women about. Take Ascot, for instance—the prevailing distress was the topic on the Heath during the race week; and yet all the charities have suffered, and it has been a matter of the greatest difficulty to raise money for any benevolent object whatever.

Bazaar Failures

The Horse Show at Olympia, with its expensive seats, was crowded every day and all day, and people almost fought for seats. The following week the beautiful show called the Midsummer Fair and Fête in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children practically received the cold-shoulder, and yet the Queen was present on the opening day, and declared the bazaar to be the most beautiful thing of the kind she had ever seen. Society preferred on the opening day to spend its money at a polo match. Bazaars are, I believe, a thing of the past, and I see no chance of reviving them.

Economical Duchesses

Now let us look at the private entertainments of the past year. There was not, with the exception of that given at the American Embassy, one worthy of being called a great or splendid ball. There were plenty of functions of a half-and-half character, but the brilliant balls that were such a feature of the 1908 season were conspicuous by their absence. The Duchess of Sutherland, who generally is placed in the front rank of London hostesses, did not give a dance at all, though Stafford House was opened for receptions and one Royal dinner. The Duchess of Wellington did not give a dance at Apsley House, and, of course, Grosvenor House was closed through mourning. Here you have three of the really great houses of London doing nothing for the dancing people. The Duchess of Portland, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Farquhar, it



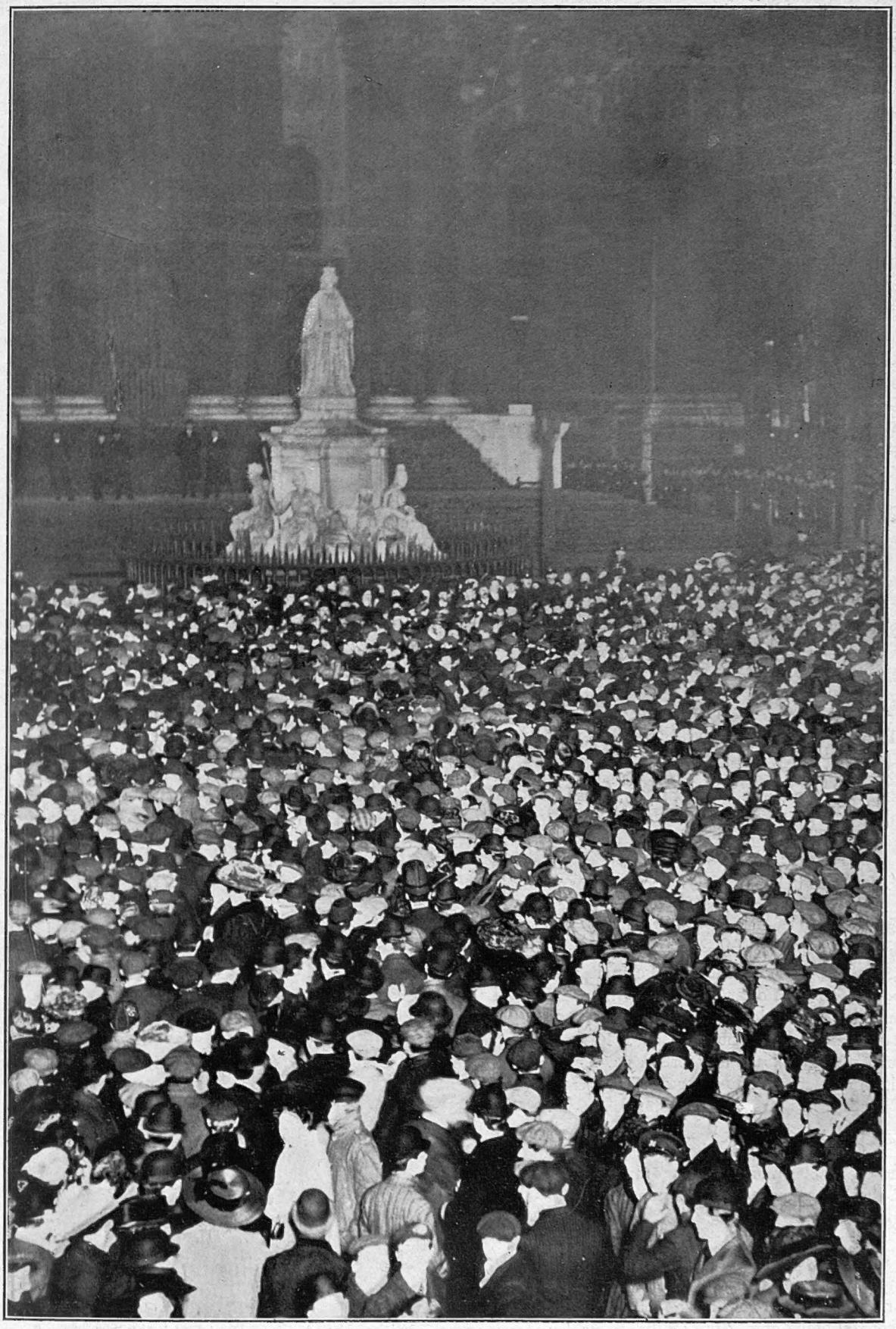
The Late Earl Percy

He was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1903-5, was a brilliant political orator, and had he lived might well have held an important post in the next Unionist Administration

(Specially drawn for "The Bystander" By R. E. Matthews)

One Hundred Thousand Men

CELEBRATE THE PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR, AND, PERHAPS, THE OLD GOVERNMENT



1909 GOING, GOING, GONE!

Welcoming in 1910 in St. Paul's Churchyard. This photograph was taken a minute before 12 midnight on New Year's Eve. The advent of the New Year was celebrated last Friday evening with even greater festivities than usual, the people probably realising that the bad times of 1906-9 are at an end

On the Social Highway

is true had the honour of entertaining the Queen and Princess Victoria, but these hostesses are so remarkably exclusive that only about one hundred members of

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Married to Rugby's Head: Mrs. David

Née Miss Eda Miles, who was married to the Rev. A. David, the new Headmaster of Rugby School, at Abbotsleigh, Bristol on the 29th ult.

the "higher nobility," as Lord Beaconsfield described them, received invitations.

The Dance Givers

After the ball at the American Embassy the smartest and most successful dance was that given by the Duchess of Marlborough at Sunderland House. Mrs. Anthony Drexel's ball was very good, but the ballroom is none too big. Mrs. Potter Palmer's cotillon was remarkably well done, and the presents were in excellent taste and not overdone. Baroness Eckhardstein blossomed forth as a hostess with great success, but her cotillon was far too crowded. Mrs. William James gave a delightful dance, but it was quite a tiny affair. Mrs. George Holdsworth's dance was smart and enjoyable, and the same may be said of that given by Mrs. M rk Fenwick.

The Dinners of 1909

Concerts were not very numerous, the most important being those given by Mrs. Astor, Mrs. MacKey, Mrs. Frank MacKay, Mrs. George Coats, and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley. Nearly all the garden-parties were spoiled by rain—was there ever such a miserably wet summer?—and most of the race-meetings, with the exception of Ascot, suffered from the same complaint. Dinner-parties were, of course, fairly numerous, and the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Londesborough, Lady Bessborough, Lady Evelyn Guinness, Lady Farquhar, Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, Lady Paget, Lady Dickson Poynder, Lady Lister Kaye, Baroness Eckhardstein, all had the honour of entertaining Royalty at dinner. Much was expected from Lady Granard, but she contented herself with giving one or two political dinners and receptions early in March, and after that practically did nothing at all. Lady Londesborough, too, contented herself with giving a little dance for Lady Irene Denison, and I could go on for pages talking of the disappointments of the past year in this respect. Let us hope for an improvement in the year that has just commenced.

Our Supplement

On the occasion of this, our first issue in 1910, we are presenting with each copy of the paper a special coloured supplement.

Photo *Rita Martin*

The M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds Wife: Lady Evelyn Guinness

The Hon. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness have been spending Christmas in Paris, but returned to join the house-party at Elveden, where Lord Iveagh is this week entertaining the King. Mr. Guinness will probably be returned unopposed for Bury St. Edmunds at the coming election

The Wife of Our Youngest Admiral

Photo] MRS. DAVID BEATTY *[Lallie Charles*

The charming American wife of Admiral David Beatty, who becomes an Admiral at the age of thirty-eight. Mrs. Beatty is the daughter of the millionaire Chicago storekeeper, Marshall Field

Le Roi Est Mort! Vive Le Roi!

A Liberal King

The change of Sovereigns in Belgium, although King Albert leans, by his intellectual and social affinities, towards the more advanced section of public opinion, will make no appreciable difference in the politics of the country now that the Congo has become a Belgian colony. The majority in the Belgian Parliament will not cease to be Clerical because the King is a Liberal. His weight will, however, certainly be on the side of extending the franchise, and one fine day, no doubt, public opinion will receive the necessary encouragement to make an effort for greater freedom. King Albert has, by the way, some of the fine business qualities of his predecessor, and, like him, he is a great believer in English methods. The Belgian Primate has long been preparing for an attempt to bring the new Sovereign within the "fold of the faithful," and he noted with dismay that he had appointed an unbeliever as tutor to his sons. The new King is not the sort of man, however, who will yield to Clerical suasion.

King Albert I. of Belgium Entering Brussels

The weather was very bad on the day that his Majesty took the Oath of Accession, but the people turned out in thousands to welcome the new monarch

Bernhardt's Fading Glory

The Divine Sarah has always had a hankering to be a woman of letters. She has tried her hand at sculpture, painting, and music. She has not been an absolute failure in anything but literature, in which it was the greatest of her ambitions to excel. Her latest attempt, a play given at the Théâtre des Arts—*Le Cœur d'Homme*—is very sentimental, and without any particular object. As somebody remarked, "*C'est le cœur de Sarah délaissée par le public.*" Nobody knows better than Sarah herself that she has outlived her popularity, but she struggles on to earn an income sufficient for herself and her son, a wayward youth, to whom she is passionately devoted, and in spite of the derision of ruthless critics she ploughs her weary way and coins what she can out of the remnants of her magnificent but past glory. What a sad end for a life of successful toil!

A Monte Carlo Joke

An amusing incident happened in the rooms at Monte Carlo the other day, when a punter put down the maximum (12,000fr.) on red. The *croupier* duly dealt the cards and black turned up. "Hanged if I'm going to let them have all that," exclaimed the punter, and, reaching out, he snatched up the bundle of notes and bolted for the exit. He was, of course, stopped, and the day when he will re-enter the Casino is very far off indeed!

The Funeral Procession of the Late King Leopold II. of Belgium through a Passive Populace

King Leopold's funeral was an impressive and dignified pageant, although the thousands of Belgians who lined the route showed no sign of grief or regret. King Albert walked immediately behind the funeral car, followed by the Duke of Connaught (representing King Edward), Prince Henry of Prussia, and other foreign Princes

Boxing Hill

OTHERWISE BOX HILL, ON THE OCCASION OF ITS USUAL BOXING DAY MEET OF FOXHOUNDS

Spectators Watching the Hunt

Pass over the Hill

The Master: Mr. F. G. Colman

The Start from Burford Bridge

On the Way to the Meet

Boxing Day Hunt Meet at the Burford Bridge Hotel, Box Hill

Every year, the Burford Bridge Hotel is the scene of a meet of the Surrey Union Foxhounds, and the residents of the adjoining towns and villages turn out *en masse*, some mounted, others in motors, carriages, dog-carts, on bicycles, and on foot. After the meet, the cavalcade mounts the famous hill, and the spectacle of the pink coats and the hounds and the followers at the great height is truly picturesque. The country round is sufficiently open and pleasant to please the most exacting, though perhaps the sport itself leaves much to be desired. The locality has a double literary interest, it having been the dwelling place of Keats during his composition of Endymion, and also of George Meredith for the greater part of his life. The venerable novelist, alas! missed the sight of the meet this year. Last Boxing Day, he was seen driving about in his donkey-chaise by the London crowd

DOWNWRITINGS

WANTED: A REAL BRITISH REVOLUTION

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I want to start a Revolution. Something altogether better than that of the Cockneys who went down on a wet night and sang outside the wrong place a song they didn't know, claiming possession of land they didn't want. I want a Revolution, without horrible banners or unwashed processions or bad tunes; a Revolution that might be really quite smart; one that might attain such dimensions as to compel everybody, positively everybody who is anybody, to be in it. A Revolution, Mr. Editor, is badly wanted by the intelligent classes in this country. We want to make the people sit up—no, precisely the contrary. We want to make People sit down. "DOWN WITH EVERYBODY" is literally our motto; we want everybody to sit down and shut up. We want to put an end, once for all, to Government by Talk. Silent people ourselves, we want more Silence, even if we have to shout ourselves hoarse to secure it.

The Question Before the People

Here's a big question before the people: What do they want to be taxed on, this sort of thing or that sort of thing? One side clearly says: "Tax your income, your drinks, your tobacco, your land, and your dead bodies." The other side says: "Tax the d——d foreigner." It's clear enough. Instead, however, of asking us to vote right away and done with it, sending to power either one lot of fellows or the other—both of them perfectly well known to us all—we are doomed to sit still and listen to volleys, and volleys, and volleys of talk, talk, talk! Wrangle, wrangle, jangle, jangle! Lloyd George says this, and Winston that, and Curzon the other, up hill and down dale, the same thing over and over again until we're thoroughly tired out. Then, our brains muddled and made into mincemeat, and the issue obscured out of all recognition by successive exchanges of epithets and adjectives, sophistries and statistics, we are allowed to go to the poll and vote, not for whether Tories or Liberals shall govern, but for whether Mr. Snooks or Sir Timothy Titmouse, gentlemen of whom we know absolutely nothing, shall sit for the district in which we, by the merest accident, happen to sleep o' nights.

The Demand for Silence

Mr. Editor, I don't care who represents my bedroom in Parliament; but I do care very considerably who manages the affairs of my Empire, my Army and Navy, my Foreign Affairs, and my Trade, and my Taxes, at Whitehall. And I wish for the privilege of being able to say, definitely, whether it shall at this moment be Asquith's gang or Balfour's, and I don't want to be talked off my head before being allowed to say so. I want Silence! And I want to start a Revolution to secure it. How would I start it? I'll tell you (in the strictest confidence). I want to get together, in the first instance, all the men who, at political meetings of either party, have had occasion to interrupt speakers by the ejaculation "Rot!" Say, for instance, you are a Conservative, and you hear some fellow rattling on about the "benefits" of Free Trade, or about the iniquities of your good friend, the Duke of Eastminster, one of *the very* best to your personal knowledge. You don't want to argue with the man. You just want him down and his mouth shut. That's all. On the other hand, if you're a Radical, and you hear a speaker promising that Tariff Reform really does mean work for all, or saying that every Duke, not only your own private one, is a sort of superior Angel Gabriel, to be a tenant of whom is to enjoy the privileges of high heaven—again you want the fellow down and *his* mouth shut.

Now, it will be said, I know, that there will be a terrible difficulty from the very first in this Revolution. If I got together, into one hall, all the "Voices" who had cried "Rot!"—the first question to be debated would be

"What Is Rot?"

Now here differences of opinion, of course, would manifest themselves. But given a strong chairman, a hall well lined with stalwart fellows armed with bludgeons, I have little doubt that the debates would be orderly, and that, in course of time, we should agree that practically everything talked on our platforms *is* Rot.

Politics themselves are Rot, because they consist of the reiteration of wholly opposing theories. "Free Trade is Right," says one; "Tariff Reform is Right," says the other. And, according to your political colour, you agree with, and fight for, the one or the other. Now, the whole truth, of course, is, as the meeting would be pretty forcibly made to realise before it dispersed, that Neither is Right, and the politician who says differently either lies in his heart or talks Rot. Free Trade is partly good, partly bad; so is Tariff Reform. But so long as the men continue to say that only one is right, the Truth is not with us.

My Revolution, Mr. Editor, would shout down impartially all speakers of all political parties, with a view to securing universal silence. It would be made worth no man's while, be he Premier or Leader of the Opposition, Duke or Welsh Attorney, to open his mouth on a platform. Silence secured, the League, representing all the really sensible people in the nation, would just pick out a handful of men of experience and say to them, "Settle this problem."

Finally and conclusively, Mr. Editor, my aim is to stop Talk, and let the British Empire, like every other business concern in the world, get to grips with the questions which perplex it. If the men engaged, at respectable fees, to crack our national nuts for us, do fall out among themselves—well, instead of proceeding to platforms in remote country towns and villages and calling each other rude names, let them—Write to the Papers, as is being done in the present instance by, Yours emphatically, DOWNWRITER.

Applicants for Apprenticeship

YOUTHFUL NOBLEMEN WHO ARE SEEKING ELECTION TO THE "PEOPLE'S HOUSE." HOW DARE THEY?

Photo *Hill's and Saunders*

Viscount Wolmer

Eldest son and heir of the Earl of Selborne. He is contesting the Newton Division of S.W. Lancashire in the Conservative interest

Photo *Thomson*

Viscount Tiverton

Eldest son and heir of the Earl of Halsbury. He is contesting Carmarthen in the Conservative interest

Photo *Lewis*

Lord Alexander Thynne

Brother of the Marquess of Bath. He is contesting Bath in the Conservative interest

Photo *Haines*

The Hon. Henry Lygon

Half-brother of Earl Beauchamp. He is contesting Nottingham (W.) in the Conservative interest

Photo *Debenham, Longman & Co.*

Viscount Duncannon

Eldest son and heir of the Earl of Bessborough. He is contesting Cheltenham in the Conservative interest

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE" WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN MORROW

"ALADDIN" AT DRURY LANE

IT is usual in speaking of a Drury Lane Pantomime to say that Mr. Arthur Collins has surpassed all previous efforts. I think I shall be justified in saying the same thing again this year without running the risk of being unable to look the recording angel straight in the face. The present pantomime is different from its predecessors in many ways; but then, the present times are also different. A gentler and more refined entertainment seems to be in demand, and Mr. Collins has risen to the occasion as one man, as you might say, and supplied the goods to order. The scene of the "Market Place in Pekin" is a most successful blend of soft and harmonious colouring; while for those who prefer their scenic effects with a dazzle on them, there are such scintillating coruscations as "The Garden of Light" and "Aladdin's Palace," which are triumphs of overpowering gorgeousness. Then there are the costumes of the ladies. The Chinese dress lends itself most admirably to decorative effect, and puts the finishing stamp of daintiness upon a very charming production.

AT DRURY LANE

SOME people, it is true, may miss the ladies who were wont to parade themselves in what I believe are known as "tights." The light, springy step of the gazelle-like girl loses much of its poetry and charm when you can see the limbs concerned unabashed and comparatively undraped. A Frenchman once told me—but now I come to think of it, that was a confidential communication, and I am nothing if not discreet. A novel effect is shown by the ladies who come down to the sea to bathe with the Princess Badroulbadour. After the ladies have stood around a little so that their costumes may be admired, they trot down to the shimmering sea, and there is a really pretty piece of realism, worked by cinematographic means, showing the ladies as the waves catch them suddenly in the back, and all that kind of thing. The ladies are real, and so are their affected shrieks of fear and joy, but the waves are only moving pictures. The effect of the combination is most startling, and must be seen to be believed.

THE humour is chiefly in the hands of Mr. Wilkie Bard, who has a grip on his audience which is quite remarkable. He makes his first appearance in the face of strong opposition from people concealed in the wings. As he walks down the steps of his house in the guise of the "Widow Twankay," we are shocked to see a full-sized brick fly across the stage and catch Mr. Bard on the neck. A moment later, bricks are raining down on all sides, and Mr. Bard's pained surprise whenever one of them hits the mark is really humorous. The bricks are, it is true, only stuffed imitations; but the incident gives Mr. Bard the cue to come down to the footlights and discourse on Bricks generally. We then discover that all this elaborate machinery has been set on foot in order to make room for the joke to the effect that —a brick is clay, and men are made of clay—*ergo*, the brick that he holds in his hand may be —his uncle. I believe Wilkie—I mean Willie—Shakespeare made the same joke a year or two ago when he said, "Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away." I think I have the quotation correctly, but I am unable to check it for the moment as I am using my bound volume of Shakespeare for the purpose of pressing some photographs, and everybody knows you mustn't disturb a beneficent operation like that when it is half-way through.

MR. WILKIE BARD'S great attraction, however, is showing the audience how to sing. He finds he cannot take the top note of a certain song, and he spends quite a lot of time in trying to educate the audience up to the task. I am bound to say that I personally should have preferred to see a little more ordinary pantomime; but the majority of the audience were clearly of a different opinion. They not only took up the top note as it became due, but they cheered themselves for their cleverness. I did not join in the harmony myself owing to the fact that I fell on the rink recently and broke my voice, and if I had attempted to swell the chorus in my poor, weak way I am sure that the people sitting near me would have done their best to have stopped my singing, if they had had to stun me in order to do it. It will be seen from this, therefore, that my criticism of Mr. Bard's performance arises not so much from a genuine objection as from mere vulgar prejudice.

MR. GEORGE GRAVES is a very good second to Wilkie Bard, and he will probably do even better when he has had time to work up his part. Miss Marie George as Aladdin is quite a windfall for the piece. She is not the usual simpering kind of Aladdin, but she takes pains to look and act the part, and she gives to it a jolly air of recklessness that makes a human being of the character she represents. Miss Ida René has, unfortunately, too little to do as the Princess. She is, as we know, a model of grace, and she has a voice that is far superior to the usual run of Princesses in stories of this kind, but her opportunities for asserting herself, or of delighting us with her acknowledged gifts, are all too few. Still, a pantomime is like wine — it improves with age, and long before these lines catch the reader's eye every wrinkle in the piece will have been smoothed out, and the writer who is getting ready for next year the remark that Mr. Collins has surpassed himself once more may as well save his ink. The Pantomime of 1909 must surely represent the limit of perfection.

"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY" — AT THE ADELPHI

THIS is quite a clever production. It is not exactly a play as we understand the term in these fastidious days, although Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has done his best to give it coherence by introducing the familiar points of stock melodrama. As is usual in these cases, the hero has the fortunes of his house staked on the result of a sporting event; but, as is quite unusual, the event is not a horse-race, but a prize-fight. The rest of the normal features are there, however, in their right order. Instead of nobbling the favourite they abduct the best fighter, and where under normal circumstances an outsider steps forward at the eleventh hour and rides the horse to victory, a member of the hero's house steps into the ring and knocks the opposition out in fourteen rounds. It is right that I should add at once for the benefit of those to whom a prize-fight is not an elevating spectacle that at the Adelphi the whole business is conducted with an agreeable delicacy, while at the same time there is a fidelity to detail that makes the illusion of brutality most complete. Anyone desiring to acquire information about the "Ring" in a picturesque manner may be safely recommended to see this play.

ONE of the cleverest scenes is that of "Tom Cribb's Saloon." A number of fistic celebrities, past and present, gather round the tables for a friendly "free-and-easy," the harmony of which is only broken occasionally by the yearning of a member here and there to punch another member in the eye. These little manifestations of hostility are, however, promptly suppressed by the chairman, Tom Cribb himself, who as the "Champion of England" may reasonably feel that his ruling will not be very often disputed. After the members have made speeches and sung songs we are told that there is a young man outside who is spoiling for a fight, and as one of the company has endeavoured to get up at least ten fights on his own account during the harmonious evening, it is agreed by the company that both sides can now be agrecably accommodated. The tables are accordingly pushed back to allow room for the pleasing little display that follows, and a pretty little two-round bout, with gloves, is supplied for the edification of the assembled guests. During this period the action of the play practically ceases; but we do not miss so very much on that account, as the reconstitution of the old Parlour quite absorbs our attention. It may be decided that the management have paid too much attention to what after all can only be an attraction for the *élite* of the sporting world; but that is a question that at present lies in what Goethe calls the loom of time. The scene is quite remarkable for its truth to life, its rich humour, and its unalloyed worship of physical supremacy. It was played throughout with a fine spirit, and aroused the tremendous enthusiasm of a crowded house.

AT DRURY LANE

THE great scene is in the Ring at Crawley Down. To begin with, the scenic artist, Mr. F. L. Schmitz, has been most successful in its conception, and then there is a return to the plot in one of its most exciting phases. One of the champions having been kidnapped, it is anticipated that the fight will have to go by default, and that all the lovely money that has been laid on the absent man will also be lost—and everybody knows how reckless authors are with their money when they are making bets on the stage. At the eleventh hour—or, to be more precise, as there is a referee with a stop-watch present, 11hr. 59min. 59sec.—a new champion appears and takes up the challenge on behalf of the House of Temperley. This time there is no nonsense about the fighting so far as appearance goes. No gloves are used. The fighters are stripped to the waist, and as one of them is a real boxer with a very fine muscular development, the fullest possible value for the money is given. The distasteful element usually common to such proceedings is adroitly avoided by the lowering of the curtain between the first and the fourteenth rounds, and while the distress of the beaten man is very cleverly suggested at the finish, it is done with a nice restraint that must make it, I think, quite inoffensive to any except those who have made up their minds to protest beforehand. It is frankly a play of the primitive instincts of poor, mortal man, and it conveyed the impression to me of having been written with a purpose by way of protest against the prevalent love of ease. I should not like to commit myself to the opinion that there is a very large market for merchandise of this sort, but I can personally testify to its value in engendering the bellicose instinct. I am a most peace-loving creature myself, but as I came out of the theatre I could not help going and standing by a large and somewhat obese policeman on the other side of the road in the hope that he would push me just once. I was confident that that would have been quite enough—for him.

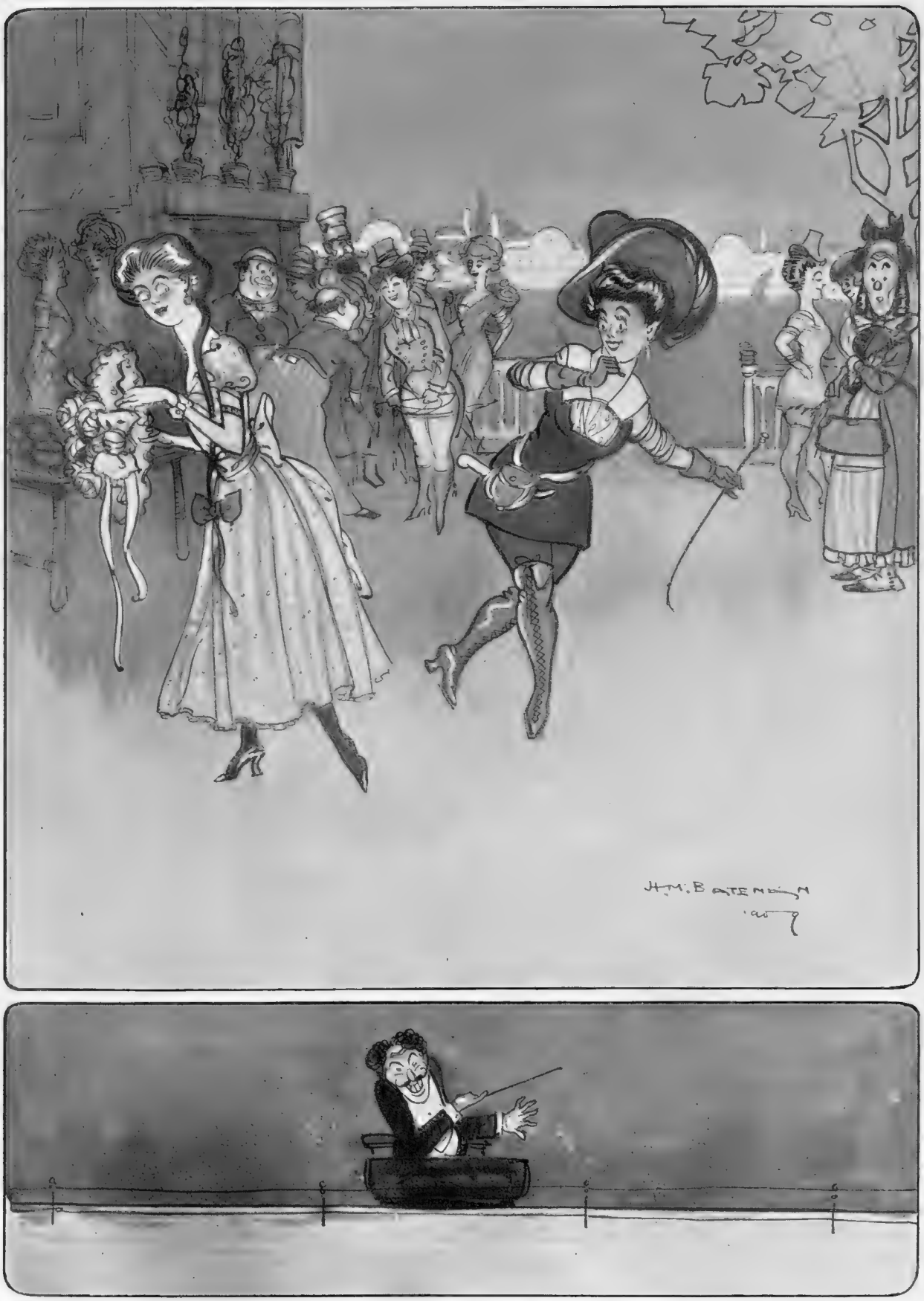
JINGLE.

LYCEUM THEATRE

A VERITABLE feast for the eye and ear is *Aladdin*, the Lyceum pantomime. The scenery and dresses are gorgeous and at the same time tasteful, the songs are pretty, and the comedians are really funny. Mr. Scott Barrie especially deserves praise for his clever impersonation of the flighty Widow Twankey. We shall, no doubt, hear a good deal more of this gentleman in London, as his quality is rather rare, and we are not overburdened for the moment with really good comedians. Miss Dorothy Craske makes an excellent Aladdin. She sings well and acts admirably, and her performance is full of liveliness and charm. At the matinées there is to be a special harlequinade for the children, with Mr. Harry Gardner as the clown. The pantomime is right up to date, and there are aeroplaning and North Pole scenes. No Christmas holiday will be complete without a visit to this theatre.

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE
will be found details of a
UNIQUE ELECTION COMPETITION
open to "BYSTANDER" readers.
Prize: £265 Motor-Car.

"The Bystander's" Own Pantomime

IN SIX TABLEAUX. BY H. M. BATEMAN

No. 1.—THE SCENE IN THE MARKET PLACE

The Boy sees the Princess for the first time, and at once falls madly in love. So does the Princess.
"By Jove! What a lovely girl!" "What a nice young man!"

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

THE telephone bell rang; it was about six o'clock on Christmas afternoon. And at the other end of the wire were two unhappy Englishmen who had just landed in the Gay City, and who were in despair because they did not find it gay. They were a little angry with Paris, the more so because they were going back to London on the next day (Sunday), and I had to apologise for the Ville Lumière.

The fact was, of course, that Christmas Day in Paris is a home festival, the method of its celebration depending very largely upon the way in which Christmas Eve, or *Réveillon*, has been kept. It is a peculiarity of Paris that the eve of all festivals is kept rather than the festival itself. You send flowers to your lady friends on the day before their birthdays. Their birthdays, by the way, are not their birthdays at all, but their saint's days. Wherefore lady friends in Paris are decidedly expensive, for they like little gifts on New Year's Eve, on the eve of their saint's day, on their anniversary or birthday, on Christmas Eve, and naturally on any other day that can be twisted into an excuse for little gifts.

If you are good you go to church on Christmas Eve and hear midnight Mass. To console you for being good, the Church provides the best singers obtainable. If you are not good, or if you feel so good that you have no need of midnight Mass, you go to the theatre. Most Paris theatres put up their prices on Christmas Eve, and all of them are packed. After the theatre you go to a restaurant, where you have booked your table several weeks ahead if you are wise, and several months ahead if you want to be certain of the best table in the place. *The* thing to do, restaurant-keepers will tell you, is to book your table for Christmas or New Year's Eve, 1910, just before you look at this year's *Réveillon* supper bill. There's something in it.

Osculatory Celebrations

And Christmas Eve this year was very merry; it was one of those occasions when nobody had any doubt of the fact that France is a Republic. At the Restaurant de la Madeleine, a haunt of the higher bohemian, much frequented by stage folk, our tables were covered with flowers, and though there was little peace the goodwill was terrific. Goodwill on a Parisian Christmas Eve is manifested with white and black puddings, oysters, champagne—a good deal of champagne—turkey, ices in aeroplanes or anything topical, card-board toys which make a noise, and kissing.

You cannot begin kissing to usher in Christmas, because you don't begin supper till Christmas is there. But at about 2 a.m., when the latest Londoners are thinking of bed, the Christmas morning Parisian starts his first *farandole* and takes osculatory exercise. It's quite a simple matter; you begin on the nearest elderly lady. You say: "It is Christmas, madame; *permettez que je vous embrasse.*" The old lady permits. Everybody gets up and cheers, the band strikes up, and then you and the other men kiss where they can and where they want to. Quite a pleasant way of celebrating Christmas, don't you think? And the same custom also starts the New Year, with even more enthusiasm, for New Year's Day kisses bring luck with them. And the man who hit on *that* idea was a genius. He deserves a monument of radium.

"Happy and Good"

There's nothing more like a New Year's Eve in Paris than a Paris Christmas Eve. I am sure you can imagine both of them, so let me tell you something about New Year's Day, which is a fearsome festival. It is the one day in all the year when your *concierge* brings you up your letters early. She hands them to you, and she "wishes it to you happy and good." If you be a wag you put a hand slowly into a pocket, draw out a handkerchief, and wipe away tears of emotion. You can never do this twice in the same house, because your *concierge* will contrive to get rid of you in the course of the year that she has wished you happy and good if you play with her feelings in this way. But a photograph of the *concierge* who has failed to blackmail you should be well worth the expense of moving.

The happy and good business goes on all day, and it is quite fortunate that the banks remain closed. There are also the visits. In these days of taxicabs visiting has become comparatively easy. You provide yourself with boxes of sweets and bouquets of flowers; then you get into the taxicab, and give the driver the addresses of your friends. At each friend's house you dash upstairs, you tumble into a roomful of other victims, you find your friend's wife, you wish it to her happy and good, after trying to find some such strikingly original remark as that she looks a year younger than she did yesterday, you dump your flowers or your sweets into her unresisting hand, and after trying to make your two minutes' visit look like at least ten minutes, you bolt for your taxicab again. In the course of the afternoon you will meet madame's husband at a mutual friend's, and, if you have any luck, you will catch him in the act of giving your mutual friend's wife the box of sweets which you had given his. These are the little compensations of a Paris New Year's Day to those who have a sense of humour.

On New Year's morning there are official visits. I often wonder what the President of the Republic would like to be at about one o'clock each January 1.

A Corner of Nice

RARELY VISITED BY ENGLISH TOURISTS

Photo *H. W. Nicholl*

THE MARKET PLACE, NICE

Nice, now crowded w th English who positively dislike our assorted winter weather, has a very picturesque market place that few of the patrons of the famous Promenade des Anglais ever take the trouble to visit. It is very interesting to watch the vivacious stall-keepers, some of whom are very pretty girls and listen to their quaint "patois," a mixture of Provençal and Italian. Garibaldi was born not far from this spot

A hermit at a Cook-less and Peary-less North Pole, I expect. He has received the Ministers, the members of the Chamber, the members of the Senate, and hundreds of other servants of the Third Republic. All are in evening dress. All shake his hand. All try to say something original about the New Year, and all fail to do so. I shall never be President of the Republic, and though I am told the salary is good, when I think of New Year I am very grateful for the certainty that M. Fallières's office is not for such as me.

We have all something to be grateful for. And when you come to think of it, there is some reason to be thankful for the fact that you and I don't have to get into white gloves and evening dress upon January 1 each year.

It just occurs to me that I have dashed into the middle of my subject with the nervous flop of the brave men who plunged into the Serpentine on New Year's morning. I ought, of course, to have begun with an apology. Let me make it now. The Editor of THE BYSTANDER has been kind enough and foolish enough to ask me to chat with you about the Shows and Autres Choses of Paris once a week. I am sorry for you, but I will do my best. JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Riviera Jottings

(By Our Special Correspondent)

The Festive Season at Monte Carlo

Monte Carlo, despite the approaching elections, which are keeping so many English away from the Sunny South, has been anything but dull this festive season, and, if the hotels have not been full, the Casino has been more crowded than ever, and the restaurants all report excellent business. Any number of well-known people spent the Christmas holidays in the Principality, including two of Mr. Lloyd George's pet aversions in the persons of the Duke of Leeds and the Duke of Westminster. The latter (who returned after the holidays to make a few speeches) has taken a villa at Cimiez for the season, and will take part in the motor-boat meeting in April. The stage was represented by Mr. George Edwardes, the Government by Lord Morley, who lunched the other day with Mr. Spender, of the *Westminster Gazette*, the Peerage by Lord Westbury, the Law by Mr. Astbury, K.C., M.P., the Army by Field-Marshal Sir George White, and the Navy by Mr. Ernest McKenna, brother of the First Lord, who is shortly moving into his new and pretty little cottage on the Cagnes Golf Links.

Gamblers will be glad to hear that the *cercle privé* is to be very shortly restored to them, and that they will be able to play roulette and *trente et quarante* at the International Sporting Club after the Casino rooms close. Rumour has it that the new annexe to the Casino, which is rapidly approaching completion, is to be given up to season-ticket holders only, but nothing is decided as yet.

The new Hotel de Paris, a handsome, if slightly too ornate, building, is to re-open on January 10, and nearly all the tables in the restaurant—a really gorgeous room—have been booked for that date. When one remembers that it was only in June of last year that the old Hotel de Paris was pulled down, one appreciates the directorate's achievement. There is talk of re-opening the Palais de Soleil and converting it into a roller-skating rink, rinking being very popular on the Riviera this winter. There was a great crowd on Christmas Eve at the Café de Paris, when over four hundred people sat down to supper. The room was decorated with evergreens and electric lights of many colours, while from the ceiling was suspended an aeroplane with wings of white satin.

A rush is expected after the elections, and people will do well to book their rooms in advance.

Well-Known Personalities on the Riviera

The Duc de Guiche, apart from his Presidency of the Cannes Polo Club, is a most prominent personality throughout the whole of the Riviera, and during the season he and his beautiful wife entertain royally in their beautiful villa at Cannes. Our photograph shows the Duc and Duchesse with their son and heir in the grounds of their residence

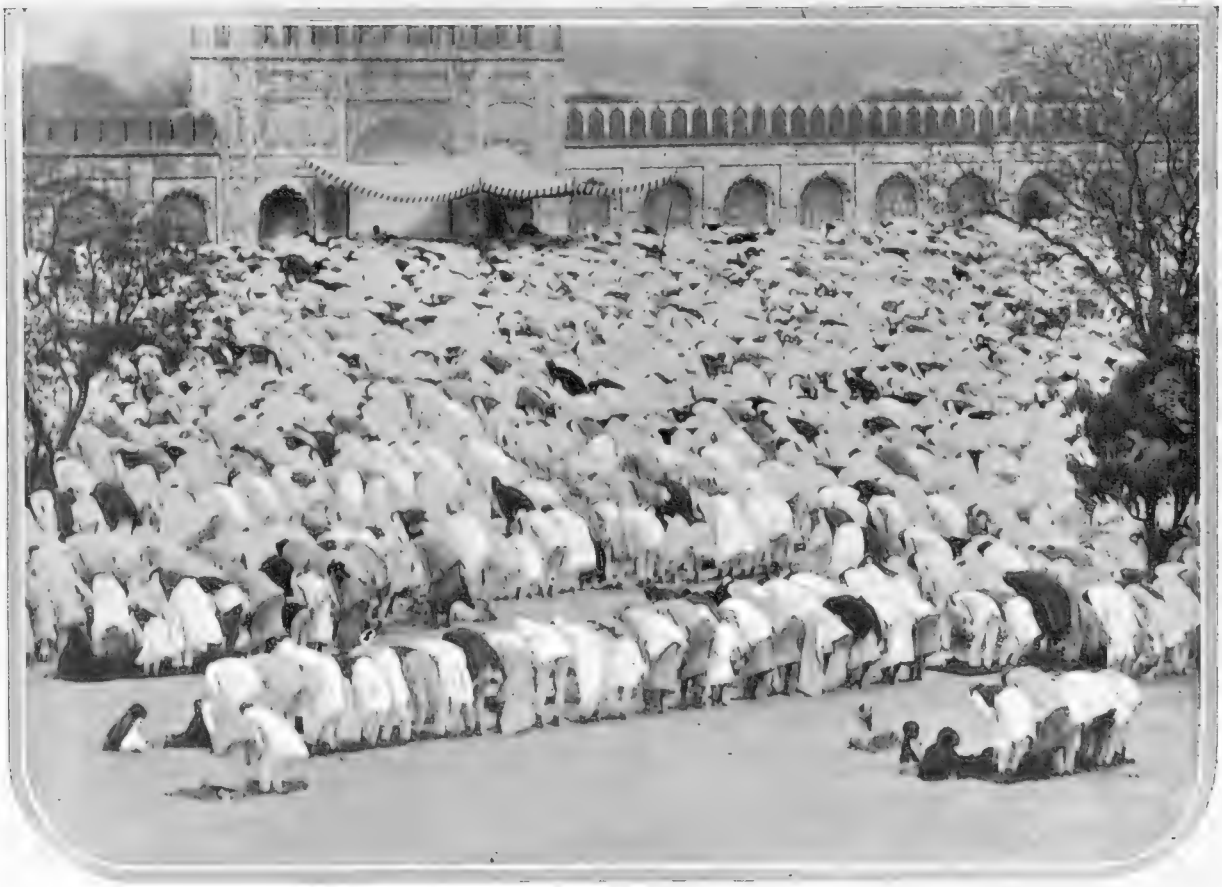
Ponies for the Cannes Polo Season

Captain E. D. Millar, the Manager of the famous Côte d'Azur Polo Club at Cannes, has collected thirty of the best polo ponies together at his farm at Spring Hill, Rugby, and is shipping them to Cannes. They will be at the disposal of the members of the club ready for the practice games that will open this month. This centre for polo is yearly growing in popularity, and the game now forms one of the most popular items in the Riviera season

The Same Thing Not Done in the Same Way

A PICTURESQUE MOSLEM RITE: AS THEY DO IT IN LONDON AND IN DELHI

As it Looks in the West: Kneeling Moslems at the Holborn Restaurant

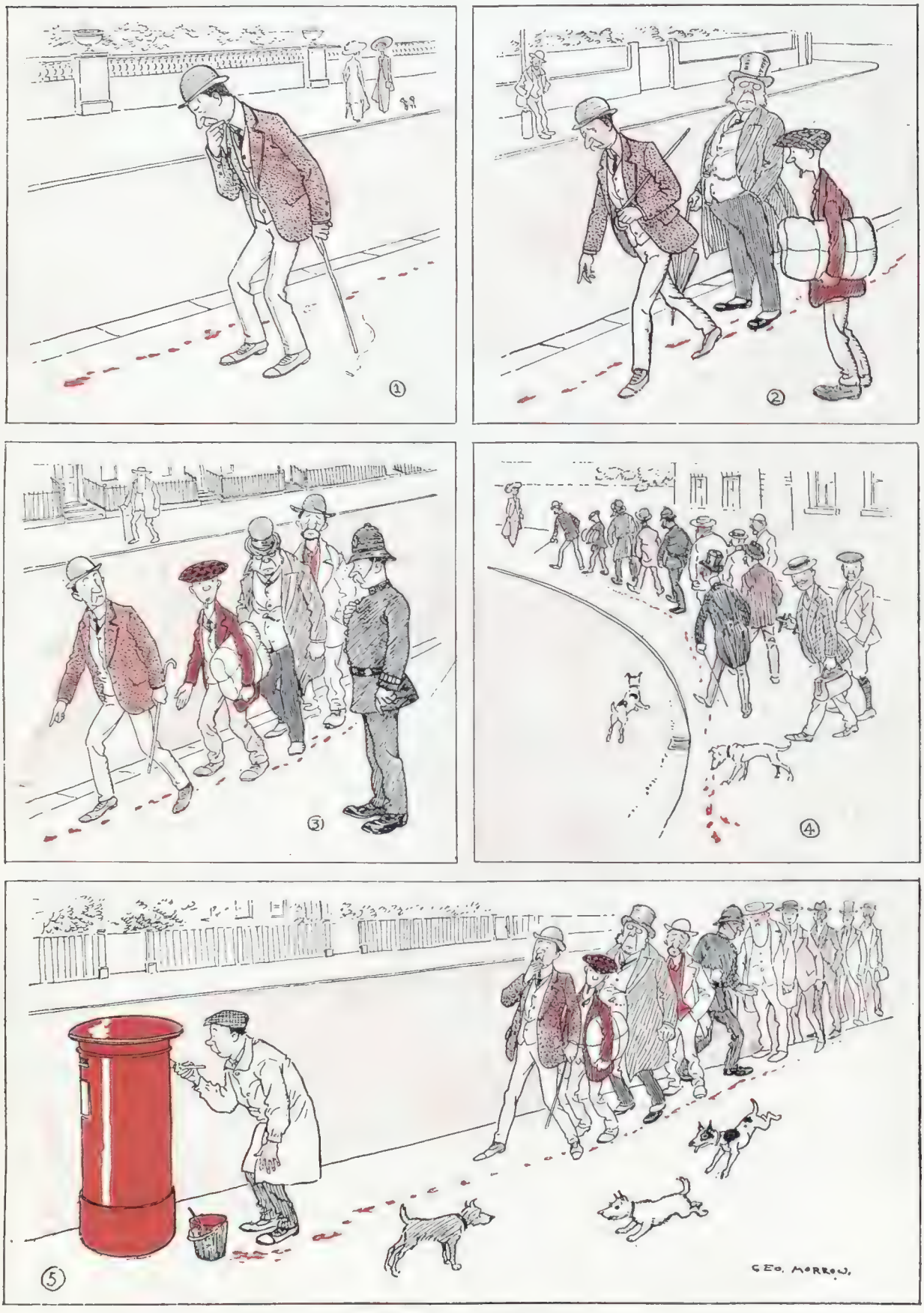


As it Looks in the East: Bowing Moslems in Delhi

The much-quoted line, "Oh, East is East, and West is West," applies very forcibly to the contrast in the appearance of Moslem ceremonials as performed by the faithful at home and abroad. Regard first the above picture, revealing a recent celebration of the "Feast of the Sacrifice" by London Moslems at the Holborn Restaurant, and then the second one, representing an identical celebration in Delhi. It is difficult to conceive a greater contrast between the sartorial ways of "East and West"

YE MERRIE JESTES OF GEORGE MORROW

No. 27,974 (from the Budapesth Museum)



THE TRAIL OF BLOOD

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

WHAT a shame that nothing is done for the candidate who loses his election. Think how sore his throat is, and how he aches from having had to smile for days. Is he to have no reward?

* * *

IT would be rather graceful if the party that got in had a medal struck and distributed to losers of seats. It might bear the inscription—

"For Winning Moral Victory, 1910."

And perhaps the recipient might be authorised to describe himself as "Failed M.P." On the Babu analogy.

* * *

BUT this is to anticipate. The fight is yet to be. Sore throats should not be considered. Smiles should remain fixed. Hecklers must be endured patiently. Avoid personalities, but do not omit to make it clear to the constituency that you regard your opponent as devoid both of patriotism and truthfulness.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following "Useful Hints to Candidates' Wives":

(1) How to take an egg-stain out of a prospective Member of Parliament. If Member has fallen, do not lift immediately, but, borrowing pocket-handkerchiefs from supporters on platform, rub vigorously till signs of life* are manifested. Then drive home quickly, and place in tub.

*Refers to signs of life in Member, of course; not in missile.

(2) The candidate's wife should always carry a damp sponge in her muff. If the constituency is a rural one, no offence will be given by sponging the little ones before candidate embraces them. In urban constituency it will be wiser to sponge candidate as soon as he has detached himself from the tots.

(3) A discreet wife will always be able to tell from her husband's face if he is about to lose his temper under heckling, and by waiting for the critical moment and then sneezing loudly may save him many votes. Pepper may be carried in small crystal bottle.

(4) Pointed shoes should be worn, as a kick with these will often prevent a candidate from becoming too discursive when the electors are obviously bored. Repeat if necessary, or use hat-pin.

(5) Extremes of costume should be avoided. You do not want (*a*) to distract voters' attention from your husband's speech, or (*b*) to be mistaken by stewards for a Suffragette. Avoid velvet.

* * *

PRESIDENT TAFT has not as yet shown any signs of accepting Mr. Carnegie's suggestion that he should go round Europe and stop the increase of armaments. Perhaps he is leaving this until he has had time to go round the United States and stop the increase of millionaires.

* * *

ACCORDING to the *Express*, the story of *Aladdin* at Drury Lane "is told with comparatively few divergencies from the original." Oriental scholars will be interested to learn this.

* * *

THE Crown Prince of Servia has informed a newspaper correspondent that it is his ambition "to teach his future subjects sport." He is also just ordering his first motor-car, and while he is learning to drive it, Servians should at least get an idea of what sport is like.

* * *

I LIKE the idea of the Company which has been started in Switzerland for providing shareholders with their own policemen. It must be nice to have one's own policeman to take one to gaol if necessary. I suppose the Company has its own "Black Maria."

* * *

APART from the satisfaction of knowing that one will not, if one takes to crime, be mishandled by a mere State official, I do not quite see the Company's *raison d'être*. There are policemen in Switzerland, anyway, are there not?

Sir Walter Up to Date

A touching incident concerning a young lady, a chivalrous sandwich-man, and a burst pipe

Do you want a

£265 MOTOR-CAR?

See details of our Election Competition on another page.

ARCADIA ON

SAN MARINO, THE SMALLEST I

1. Panorama of town viewed from below

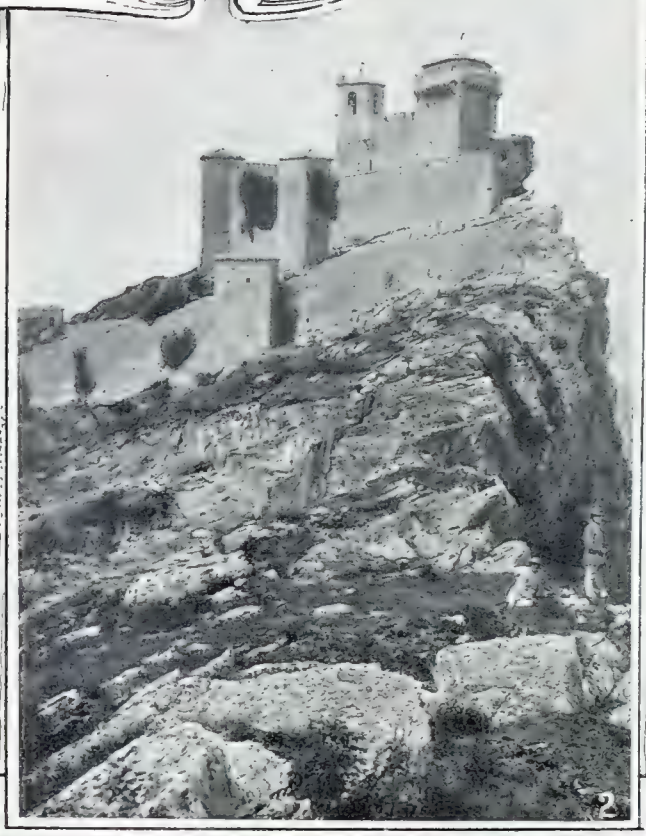
2. The Rock (2,420 feet high), seen from the Scen

SCENES IN THE HAPPY UNTAK

The result of the Presidential Elections in the Republic of San Marino, the smallest independent State in the world, was recently made known by Commendatore William Le Queux, the representative in England of the Republic. Despite its smallness—it has but 11,000 inhabitants —the tiny Republic boasts of two Presidents or .eg election of Commendatore Marino Borbiconi ad latter a peasant. San Marino seems an almost

THE ADRIATIC

DEPENDENT STATE IN THE WORLD



3. The Governor's (Regent) Palace

4. Panorama from the Borgo Maggiore

KED REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO

egents, and the recent contest resulted in the d Giacomo Marcucci—the former a noble, the t Arcadian spot, for there are no taxes, and there has been no prisoner in the prison for the past five years. The Republic is situated on the hills near Rimini, on the Adriatic. Our pictures convey some idea of the little State's scenic attractions

Gaiety Gracefulness

Photo *Bassano*

MISS GLADYS COOPER

The latest portrait of this charming actress, who is now appearing in "Our Miss Gibbs"

A CHROMATIC FANTASIA

GLADWYN EAGERMAN, the Charity Secretary and Trustee, known locally as the King of Beggars, was housed comfortably on the populated side of Clifton Downs.

Over cigars and chartreuse, after a *recherché* little dinner in his very cheerful dining-room, the deep red wall-paper and lamp-shades of which well assisted the fire to radiate warmth, I ventured to remark on the comfort of those themselves whose business it was to provide comfort for others.

"Tush, my dear fellow," he replied. "That I personally have an eye for comfort and for colour is only business. I see no reason why beggars, or rather Charity Trustees, should not be choosers of the conditions under which they beg. It is business for the street beggar to wear rags, but not for the Charity Beggar. We who ask for thousands must at least place ourselves in the eye of those who have thousands to give. Thus this comfortable house, this wall-paper, and these lamp-shades. Had I not possessed some power of attracting the bounteous, how, for instance, should I have been able to secure from your good aunt herself the reversion of this handsome legacy which—by the way——"

He flicked his ash, and looked at me under his eyelids. He had two of these, but so prominent were they, and so thoroughly did they cover his rather small pupils, that he seemed to have more. He was a good-looking man without being nice-looking, sleek of appearance, faultless of dress, and polished of conversation.

"You won't think it commercial of me," he said, "if I refer to the object of your most enjoyable visit? To-morrow night, New Year's Eve, you definitely pay over to me the sum of £5,000 on behalf of the Guild of St. Mary Magdalene."

"Exactly. Always provided that, at the eleventh hour, no news comes of my cousin Waldo. I think I made it quite clear? If he fails to prove himself to be alive by the 31st of December, 1908, the legacy passes to the Guild. As we do not live in an age of miracles, I have no reason to suppose that my unfortunate cousin *will* materialise within the next twenty-four hours, and the money is, therefore, as good as yours. But I'll tell you candidly, Mr. Eagerman, I haven't the vaguest notion why my aunt, with so many other calls on her bounty, selected you. Have you yourself?"

He laughed—an odd, uncanny sort of laugh—and replied.

"Oh, yes. *I* understand well enough. She was walking over the Downs one day, probably turning over in her mind how to dispose of her surplus wealth, when she suddenly saw the 'Scarlet Crocodile.'"

"The——?"

"The 'Scarlet Crocodile,'" he replied, emphatically, as though he had said nothing specially unusual. I did not immediately press for an explanation, allowing him to proceed in his own way.

"Your aunt," he continued—"one of an artistic family, I believe——?"

"Yes. Her father was the R.A.—my grandfather, you know—Belwether."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Quite so, quite so. Being artistic she was specially susceptible to the effect of colour. She saw the Crocodile, and went straight home and made her will. It is not unusual. At least six other ladies of her age have done the same, but not all of them so generously. . . But about your cousin—my dreaded rival, whose appearance at any moment may rob us of our windfall. *Is* he dead, d'you think?"

"More likely mad," I said, my attention diverted from the Crocodile, whatever it might mean. "You were talking of my aunt's æstheticism, and our artistic family. Well, Waldo had the same complaint, only in acute form. He was what I suppose would be called a chromaleptic. Colours maddened him, or soothed him, as the case might be. I don't know what he'd do if he saw a 'Scarlet Crocodile,' for instance, but he, like my aunt, was certainly violently affected by that particular colour. The reason why he last went abroad was to take a long sea trip to recover from an odd shock he got when witnessing with me the Diamond Jubilee Procession. He sat next me in the Junior Union, chatting merrily enough. But when the Scarlet Lancers appeared, he became at first madly excited and then quite stupefied. He watched the rest of the procession, the troops, the Royalties, and the Queen herself, as would a man under the influence of a drug. His eyes were dazed, and his mouth was open like an idiot. The amazing part about it was that colour was the disease with him, and also the cure. If you'll believe me, when the khaki troops came along, the Indian fellows you know, Waldo suddenly recovered. The glimpse of yellow was a sort of antidote."

Eagerman listened to my version of the affair with eyes of intense curiosity.

"Really," he said, "your family has no special reason to thank the late Mr. Belwether, R.A., for his ancestorship. And this is the young man who *may* turn up to-morrow, from heaven knows where!"

"Yes," I replied, smartly I thought, "or from San Francisco. That was, as a matter of fact, the last place we heard of him, and as it is a yellow city, probably he selected it for his residence. If he did, I can't for the life of me make out how it is our advertisements, issued broadcast in America as elsewhere, telling Waldo Belwether that 'he would hear of something to his advantage' by communicating with my solicitors failed to catch his eye. I can only conclude that he is either dead or demented. Personally, for everybody's sake, mine as well as yours, I hope he *won't* turn up."

"Well," said Eagerman, "at any rate, in time to claim the legacy. And now I come to think of it—probably it has struck you too—it would be a bit of an irony, would it not, if he did arrive, to discover that his money, like his memory, had vanished as a result of the inspiration of a *bête ecarlate*—such as the Crocodile itself?"

"Ah, yes—the Crocodile. By the way, what *is* the 'Scarlet Crocodile'?" I inquired innocently.

He looked at me deprecatingly, but smilingly.

"It is late," he said, "and I think I had better not tell you to-night or you may not sleep. But don't be frightened. It could not get into the house, owing to its enormous length, and, furthermore, it *never* ventures out after dark. Now, about this present Government? . . . . ."

Protesting feebly at his evasiveness, I was, however, again successfully diverted. I have views on politics, and they kept us up until well through the third whisky-and-soda. And then to bed and sleep, which was, fortunately, free from pre-visions of—what I was to see on the morrow.

That day's programme was one of killing time. I had to stay in Bristol for the day, in order to carry out my executorial duties, and Eagerman very decently decided to adjourn, for my entertainment, his arduous office duties down in the city somewhere. For he covered a multitude of charities. So many were there of these that a local lady of title had remarked, on it being brought to her notice that some musical young friends wanted to give a public entertainment, "Oh, we must get Mr. Eagerman! He's so good at getting up charities in the interest of deserving concerts." She meant the reverse, but the phrase got quoted as she had said it, at Eagerman's expense.

I was, however, to learn from practical experience, before the Old Year was out, something about the true cleverness of the President of the Guild of St. Mary Magdalene. Hitherto, the man had impressed me as a delightful companion, able to throw fresh light on any topic raised. As we strolled over the Downs next morning his conversation made the gloomy day seem almost bright. We made the round, spending several minutes gaping into the gorge at the base of which creeps the Avon, and across which strides the bold Suspension Bridge, and then, taking an under-cliff path, bordered on either side with clumps of hedge, rocks, and so on, made a detour homeward. As we approached the end of the Downs I interrupted quite suddenly the conversation on some literary question—I think it was that of originality in fiction. He had been saying that the ideal story was one evolved from the simplest episode, say, some peculiar trait in an individual character. "For instance, your cousin's chromalepsy. What a dramatic situation it would be if——"

"What's that over there," I broke in, "crawling behind the trees?"

He looked in the direction indicated, and gave a long laugh.

"Why you're chromaleptic yourself. It's only the 'Scarlet Crocodile.' Look from here; you can see them quite plainly."

From about fifty yards away, came towards us a long, wriggling object, about thirty feet in length and an average of five feet in height. Its colour was the richest scarlet.

"There," said the President of the Guild, "I'll warrant *you* never set eyes on a healthier or a prettier-looking turn-out of Charity schoolgirls—a 'Crocodile,' to use the slang phrase—in your life."

I gave a very emphatic gesture of disgust. The childishness of the way I, a man of mature years, had been fooled, annoyed me. A procession of Charity schoolgirls, in scarlet hoods, cloaks, and skirts—a more profoundly prosaic solution of a mystery I could not imagine!

"And, pray, now that you have so prettily fooled me, tell me what you meant when you said that the sight of *that* provoked old people, such as my aunt, to go home and make their wills in favour of your precious Guild?"

I said the words more to the desert air than to Eagerman, for the colour and movement of the youthful procession certainly attracted even my by no means "chromaleptic" eyes. I was also a little struck by the fact that the figure of a solitary man, which I had noticed walking in our direction a little time before from the inhabited side of the Downs, seemed suddenly to have reached a state of complete inanition. So attracted was I at the sight of him that I scarcely took in what Eagerman replied, he also looking,

"Eagerman," said I, gripping the object, and sweeping it dramatically downwards, "please tell me, Do Ghosts Wear Gloves?" (Page 32)

I thought, in the direction of the inert fragment of humanity.

"The 'Scarlet Crocodile,'" he said, "is the local and well-known name of our Guild's School for Orphan Girls. The distinctive colour of their uniform was part of the plan of the founder—a wealthy maiden lady—who thought it appropriate in view of the name and character of the patron saint. The idea of the School—to train young girls to lead beautiful lives, and to shine in the world, not usefully as wives, but ornamentally as writers, painters, musicians, etc., etc. It attracted, among many others, your aunt. Seeing the Crocodile, she promptly made inquiries, and discovering what the Charity was, made the provision in question. Oh, by the way, that reminds me. I *must* overtake the Crocodile to give an instruction to the Sister Superior. Excuse me if I run off. Come on back home at your leisure, will you?"

And before I had time to acquiesce, he had darted off in the wake of the queer procession. Meanwhile, I walked slowly over in the direction of the lonely figure, thinking that the man was, perhaps, a stranger or in need of assistance. The closer I got to him the more convinced was I that something was wrong. Closer still to him I saw what that was, and, incredible as it may seem, who it was. The unbelievable thing had happened. Waldo had materialised at the psychological moment. There he stood, his eyes as dazed, his mouth as widely open as on that memorable occasion of the Jubilee eleven years ago. He wore on his face the identical expression with which he had then watched the procession of the Scarlet Lancers.

"Waldo," I said, shaking him vigorously, and looking him squarely in the face.

He answered with a helpless, desperate look, and for some moments I stood in contemplation of him, wondering what on earth I could do in the complicated situation that had arisen. Taking his arm, I gently led him forward, walking so slowly that, before we reached the drive by the Downside, Eagerman was well out of sight, having evidently briefly given his instruction, and moved homewards at lightning speed. It was fully a quarter of an hour before we arrived at the front door of the house. I was let in by Griffiths, the manservant, who volunteered the information that his master was in his study upstairs, a fact which was confirmed by a voice from that region.

"That you, Belwether? I say, come up a minute, will you?" I led Waldo into the sitting-room and placed him in a chair, and went upstairs, calling out as I did so.

"Keep an eye on that gentleman, will you,

Griffiths; not quite himself, y'know?" and I touched my forehead significantly.

"Gentleman, sir?" asked the man, looking oddly at me, as if not hearing or understanding.

"Yes," I returned, sharply, "the gentleman in the chair."

Griffiths gave me a stupid stare which irritated me, and seemed strangely unintelligent, but I did not pause to parley with him. I must go up and tell Eagerman at once what had happened.

Eagerman got up and closed the door I had left open, insisted on my sitting down in the armchair by the fire, and taking a cigarette.

"I am sorry, my dear chap," he said, suavely, "but I had to tell Sister Sapphira something, and then get off a most important letter by the one o'clock post. Seems devilish rude, but I had to do it. What, by the way, were you staring at when I spoke to you? D'you know, it struck me, as I ran on, that *you* too—the Scarlet, y'know. But it's evidently not the case."

"But," I asked, astonished, "do you mean to tell me that you did not see the man standing under the trees on the right, just after the Crocodile had passed?"

"*I* saw no man," he said, coolly.

"Good gracious!" I replied; "he was there right enough, and what's more he's now in the dining-room below. You guess who it is?"

He laughed, and, obviously in jest, said:

"Impossible that it can be—your cousin? Melodramatically turned up in the nick of time?"

"Precisely. He and nobody else. But, thanks evidently to a sudden meeting with your 'Scarlet Crocodile,' he is in a state of complete chromalepsia. You must come down and help me bring him round."

Eagerman made several guttural ejaculations, a great show of rearranging papers, lighted a cigarette, and generally busied himself. After "half a minute" at this and "half a minute" at that, we descended.

I led the way to the dining-room, opened the door, and entered. But, in the armchair there sat no mortal man, certainly no Waldo. He had vanished. I turned fiercely towards the door.

"Griffiths!" I shouted. "Griffiths!"

The gate leading from the kitchen to the back garden opened, and a voice replied, "Yessir."

"Where's that gentleman?"

The man came forward, pausing to wipe his boots, which were covered with mud from the garden.

"What gentleman, sir?"

"The one I showed into the dining-room."

The man cleared his throat and spoke sharply.

"You'll please excuse me, Mr. Belwether, but I haven't the remotest notion to 'oom you're referring. I've seen no gentleman bar yourself and Mr. Eagerman enter this 'ouse this morning."

"But, good heavens," I said, altogether uncomfortable, "you opened the door to us yourself!"

"To you, Mr. Belwether, but to nobody else, as I'm standing 'ere. With doo respect, sir, I suggest that you're mistaken."

Eagerman touched me on the arm.

"Come up to the study again, old chap, and have a whisky-and-soda. I hardly like to suggest it, but——"

"Out with it! Out with it! Do you doubt my word when I assure you that I brought my cousin Waldo into this room a quarter of an hour ago?"

"I don't doubt your word for one moment, but it is just possible that what you think you did and what you really did are two quite different things. Frankly, I believe you have had an hallucination, and that you were yourself affected unexpectedly by the apparition of the 'Scarlet Crocodile.' I saw no man in the shadow; otherwise I should certainly not have been so rude as to walk on as I did."

"Can it be," I said, "that I *am* mistaken?"

"I don't think there can be any doubt about it. Possibly just a strain of the family peculiarity, if I may call it so, is latent in you unawares, and has now, for the first time, taken shape."

"Perhaps so," I said incredulously, "perhaps so."

For several minutes I sat in a brown study, very, very puzzled at what had happened. Was I really the victim of a phase of Waldo's own complaint? Maybe it had been a mythical Waldo that I had seen in the mist, and the walk with him from the Downs home had been a horrible hallucination. Then suddenly, in the midst of this painful train of speculation, I stooped down to pick up something which lay on the floor just underneath the chair in which I had "fancied" I had seated my cousin.

It settled right away the truth or otherwise of my vision of Waldo.

"Eagerman," I said, gripping the object and sweeping it dramatically downwards so close to his face as nearly to strike it, "I may have been the victim of chromalepsia, and have only fancied the presence of my cousin Waldo, but, please tell me, DO GHOSTS WEAR GLOVES?"

For a moment he looked at me with the evillest light I had ever seen in a man's face. It was, I have since concluded, touch and go with him at that moment whether he should knock me senseless. But discretion prevailed. The scowl changed to a smile.

"Damn it, man," he said, "you've done me! But it was a near thing. Your cousin is here—locked in the summer-house at the end of the garden. Griffiths took him there while you were with me upstairs."

"By your orders?" I said, with difficulty restraining myself from gripping his throat and throttling him.

"Precisely; I planned it beforehand. You don't suppose I was so blind as not to see the man as the Crocodile passed? Of course I did. I had a presentiment that, somehow, Waldo might turn up when he did ever since you told me that episode of the Jubilee procession. The coincidence of the colours put it into my head last night when we smoked, and, just as an exercise of the imagination, I planned out what I should do were he to reappear at the moment he did. I saw him, and recognised him at once from his likeness to both you and your aunt. I also detected the odd look in his face. Seeing at once that his arrival meant the loss of five thousand pounds to us, I hit on the ruse of concealing him, and of letting you think yourself the victim of chromaleptic delusion. I came home as quickly as I could, gave Griffiths his instructions, which he followed most precisely. That's all."

"And quite enough, too!" I replied hotly. "To put it mildly, you are one of the most cunning and unscrupulous designers it has ever been my ill-luck to encounter. I insist, sir, that you immediately release my cousin, and we leave you for London without delay, our relations being, once for all, at an end. And I shall lose no opportunity of exposing you and your Guild in the Press."

(Continued on page 34)

In Quest of Real Crocodile

WAITING FOR HIM TO RISE AT DAYBREAK BY THE CROCODILE RIVER

CROCODILE HUNTING IN THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL

The Crocodile River (or Limpopo) rises in the heart of the Transvaal, and after a northerly course of eight hundred miles empties itself into Delagoa Bay. It is a remarkably beautiful river, flanked by forest country. The shooting in its basin is magnificent. Mr. Lewis Hastings, of Kimberley, who sends us the above fine picture, secured in three weeks with his rifle alone two hundred head, including four kinds of buck, a dozen varieties of game-birds, also wild boar, tiger-cat, and crocodile. Jackals, wild dogs, hyænas, leopards, baboons, antelope, koodoo, and wildebeest await the sportsman's gun, and, incidentally malaria awaits his constitution. It is very rarely that ladies have the courage to penetrate this region, as was the case on this expedition

(Continued from page 32)

Eagerman continued to smoke carelessly. Looking through the smoke-rings at me, he spoke.

"Firstly, I will at once release your cousin. Secondly, if I am a scoundrel, I sin in the cause of beauty. Our institution is the first æsthetic charity founded in this country, and every penny that comes to it is exquisitely spent. Thirdly, if you propose to expose me, you run a far graver risk of exposing yourself—to ridicule. For what self-respecting editor would pub'ish what you propose to tell him?"

"Oh, I know scores!" I replied. "If you suppose plausibility to be necessary to a journalist's trade, you are living in a back-period of history."

"Well, well, suppose that's so. There's one reason, however, why you should *not* 'expose' me, as you call it, and that's this. Do you want to *cure* your cousin, right now and here, or do you not?"

"Most certainly I do. But what could you do to cure him, and why should you do it?"

"I have the cure within ten minutes' call. And I should do it solely and simply as a gentleman, to make the *amende honorable* for having failed to play a trick upon you in Charity's name. Will you drive the bargain? I cure your cousin, you shake my hand. Say the word, and in less than half an hour your cousin shall see before his very eyes the one thing that will cure him."

"What, in goodness' name, is that?"

"A *yellow* crocodile."

"A yellow one, too! . . . You are joking!"

"By no means. There is a yellow one, and close handy. To give it its proper name, it is the School of the League of St. James the Less—our rival and imitator. It was formed a few years ago, and knowing how successfully we had attracted subscriptions by our colour-scheme, it adopted one of its own; as it happens—Yellow. Coincidence, isn't it? . . If it, in turn, should prosper, no doubt Clifton will in a few more years be overrun with Crocodiles of every other colour—green, blue, orange, mauve, and who knows what else. But by then I hope I shall have passed into other spheres."

Well, we settled it that way. The Yellow Crocodile turned out, and, after seeing it wriggle before him, Waldo immediately recovered his memory. He explained that the advertisement inquiring his whereabouts had only been brought to his notice in Pernambuco a month ago, and he had immediately set sail for England.

The thing degenerated into a ridiculous memory, and I parted with Eagerman no more bitterly than one parts with most people one has had business dealings with.

I don't think of dying just yet, but when I do nobody need be surprised if my will bequeaths something to the 'Scarlet Crocodile,' which I rather like the look of. Any Charity, furthermore, which tends to lessen the number of useful women in this world will always have my cordial sympathy.

. . . . . .

Since the above (written exactly a year ago to-day), I have done my best for Waldo, and have, so far as it lay in my power, kept him out of the way of moving scarlet objects on all occasions save one—and that, really, seems hardly worth mentioning.

You know the row of letter-boxes outside the General Post Office? Well, I had been led by Waldo to attend Hogmanay at St. Paul's Churchyard, and after doing so we passed St. Martin's Le Grand. Waldo caught sight of the flaring red array, and to my astonishment succumbed. The reader, who has been led to suppose that only scarlet *in motion* affected Waldo's vision, will understand when I whisper to him—with a deep sense of family shame—that he had, that evening, been largely in the company of Scotsmen, and was not, therefore, quite himself. To him, at that moment, there was nothing to choose between a row of letter-boxes and Scarlet Lancers, or a Scarlet Crocodile. Fortunately, his attack was this time short-lived, for there was quite close at hand a fine display of yellow election posters, to which I carefully led him, with complete curative results.

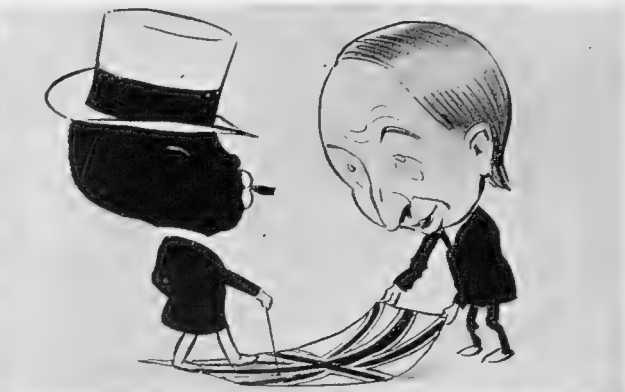
VIVIAN CARTER.

HAPPY MOMENTS AT BRIDGE—No. I. [BY THOS. DOWNEY

Opponents go "No Trumps." This is your hand, and it is your lead

As They See Each Other: No. VIII.

THE "JINGO," BY A "LOVER OF PEACE"



"PEACE AT ANY PRICE," BY A "PATRIOT"

BY NOEL POCOCK

The Thrill of the Bobsleigh

Photo] AT THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE CHAMONIX RUN [*H. W. Nicholl*

The first picture shows the sleigh-party taking a curve. The lower depicts them turning turtle while running at a mile a minute. Inset is a plaintive snapshot depicting the sequel of the tumble. Serious accidents on this run are, however, rare, though very few beginners escape entirely without ugly bruises

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

Famous Hunts at Home: No. VI.—Lord Portman's: Viscount and Viscountess Portman at the front door of Bryanston, a general view of which beautiful seat is given above

Very popular with the field, Lord Portman is quiet with them, and exercises great restraint. As an instance of this, some years ago he found himself, with two or three farmers, away with hounds by themselves. One of the farmers pressing unduly on hounds, his Lordship called several times to him to "Hold Hard!" Finding at length his request unheeded, he called out to the offending Nimrod, "I'll tell them *all*—(meaning the rest of the field)—that you were first!" This exemplifies his charming manner with the followers of his hounds. It was a case in which many a Master would have used forcibly and possibly "Limehouse" expostulations. Lady Portman is very devoted to hunting, and hunts regularly. She rides extremely well across country, and generally likes to see the end of every day

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. VI.—Lord Portman's

Written and Illustrated by LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Geo. Jones, the Huntsman, Whips, and Dog Pack at the Kennels

The kennels, built in 1889, are one and a half miles from the quaint old town of Blandford. They are T-shaped, there being seven lodging-rooms for hounds

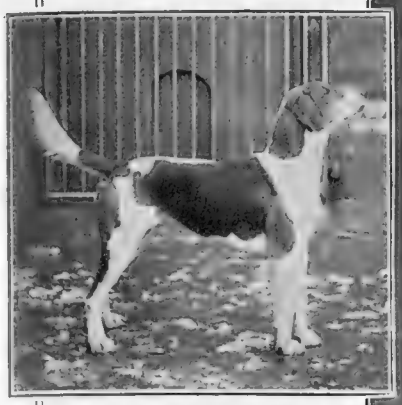
TO have been both Master and Field-Master of one pack of hounds for a period of fifty-two years is an achievement which falls to the lot of few. These positions, however, Lord Portman has filled consecutively since the year 1857, when Mr. Farquharson gave up his large country, which was then divided into what is now Lord Portman's, the South Dorset, and a portion of the Blackmore Vale country. The late Lord Portman, who formed the present Hunt, died in 1888, at the age of eighty-nine, and the present and second Viscount, who has now reached four-score years, still hunts regularly, and is very keen. In fact, he is an excellent judge of hound work, is always well mounted, and still rides boldly across country. He is one of the few Masters left who entirely supports his own hounds, and though there is a Poultry and Wire Fund, he nevertheless subscribes handsomely to it. The Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, son of Lord Stalbridge, who owns a large portion of the Vale country, acts as secretary to this fund, and also as Field-Master in Lord Portman's absence.

The country is divided into two sections. The Vale is all grass and rides very deep, with big enough fences on the top of banks, ditches either side, and small enclosures. The hill country is pretty big, with woodlands, open downs, and light arable. The east end of the country is heath and woodland. The average size of the fields in the Vale are 150 to 200, and in other parts 50 to 60. They consist of keen and fairly well-mounted followers, who, on the whole, ride well. The farmers, of whom a good many turn out, ride well, and use a good class of animal. Keen on hunting, they all, as do the landowners generally—with one or two exceptions—preserve foxes. These foxes, especially the hill ones, are good, stout customers, and know a lot of country, though the Vale foxes run rather short, partly due to the banks which they run under. In all, from forty-five to fifty brace are accounted for each season.

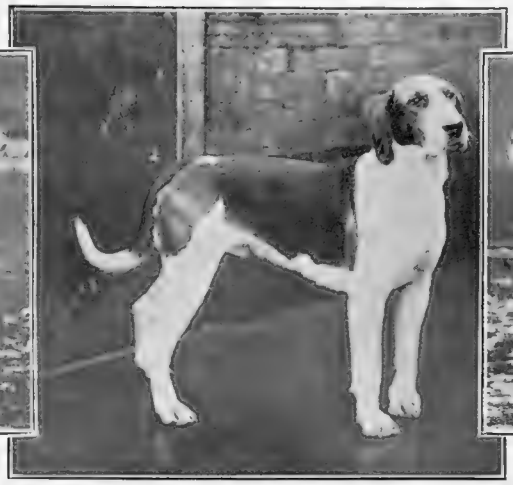
Jones, the huntsman, who came from the Dumfriesshire, is showing good sport. He is quiet, quick, and persevering, a good rider, and hounds, being fond of him, come to him quickly. As a result, sport with Lord Portman's pack is remarkably good. Generally speaking, hunting here is very popular, and foxes are plentiful in most parts, though there is a great deal of shooting all through the hill country. This, to a certain extent, closes part of it till shooting is over. The country, which covers some fifteen by eighteen miles, is comparatively free of railroads, though on the northern boundary there is the excellent London and South Western, and the Wimborne and Salisbury on the eastern. The only towns in the Hunt are Blandford, Shaftesbury, and Sturminster Newton, the country generally being thinly populated. A fair contingent of soldiers come out from Salisbury Plain. The pack hunts three days a week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and it is seldom indeed that Lord Portman is absent from the noble sport to which his heart has always been firmly wedded.

A Feature of the Kennels: The Covered Passage Running at the Back of the Lodging-Rooms

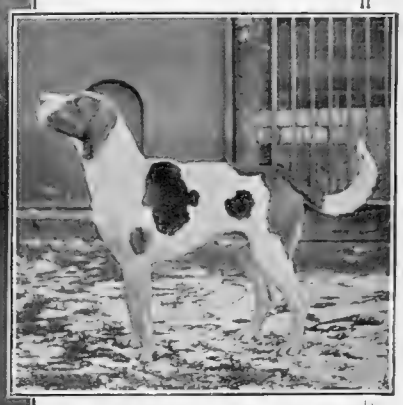
Lord Portman's Hounds at Home



Dexter by Belvoir Druggist; Dam, Vanity



Dancer by Belvoir Chanter; Dam, Daylight



Caliph by Proctor; Dam, Crafty

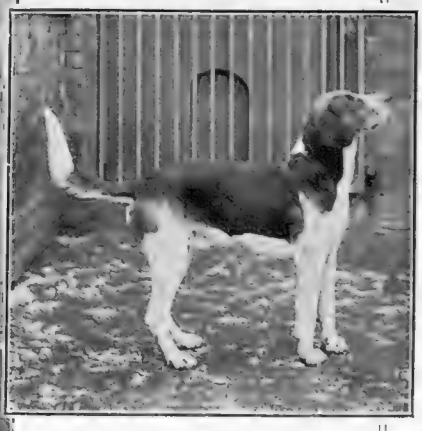
Wellington by Belvoir Whitaker; Dam, Heedless

Two Unentered Puppies

Heedless by South Dorset Gaylad; Dam, Hemlock

Palafox, 1907, by Mr. Wroughton's Gaylad; Dam, Primitive

Speedy, Hemlock, and Helen



Selim by Warwickshire Pedlar, the best Hound in the Pack

The pack consists of forty-six and a half couples, of which seventeen and a half are dogs. Originally the principal strains were from the Oakley, Brocklesby, and Milton kennels. Then Lord Portman bought the North Cotswold dog pack in 1901, which brought in the Warwickshire strain. In recent years the Warwickshire, Belvoir, and Brocklesby have been used with excellent results. The dog pack now strikes one on inspection as being somewhat on the big side, the bitches showing a lot of quality. Good necks and shoulders are characteristic of the whole pack, and they are mostly very straight, with good feet and well ribbed up. They are fast, and hunt this cold-scenting country well, having a beautiful cry—so essential to this particular country. They are very handy, hard-working hounds, with lots of drive and stamina, and full of blood, and, in fact, there have been many cases where a single hound has killed a fox

Games and Pastimes

GOLF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL BADMINTON

GOLF

I gladly take the opportunity of wishing all my readers the best of luck throughout the New Year. May they all lay all the long ones stone-dead and miss none of the short ones. The past year has been remarkable for several reasons. The opening months witnessed an agitation for placing the control of the Amateur Championship in the hands of the Royal and Ancient Club. The agitation, however, came to nothing, and the compromise of the Tantallon Club was accepted, which gives the authorities the power of selecting a green not on the present rota every sixth year. This sixth year will first occur in 1912, and it is to be hoped that then the noble course of the North Devon Club at Westward Ho will be the scene of the Amateur Championship. In the case of the Open Championship the only fact that requires noting is the first appearance of the Deal course on the rota. Both the management of the meeting by the Cinque Ports Club and the course itself gave every satisfaction to players and critics, who were unanimous in praise. We have now had a year's play under the new Rules, and everyone seems perfectly satisfied with the new code. It is undoubtedly a better, fairer, and clearer code than any of its numerous predecessors. One slight, but relatively unimportant, verbal addition was made to Stroke Rule 13 at the recent autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient, but as this was the only alteration mooted we may look forward to a quiet period so far as the Rules are concerned.

The dead year has also been notable for the resurrection of big-headed clubs. I had long been convinced that the introduction of the rubber-cored ball would entail a modification in the shape of club heads. For the "gutty" ball the short, concentrated head was almost a necessity. But the rubber ball spreads so much more at impact on the face of the club that it was certain that before long we should return to the longer and larger heads of former days. Ben Sayers was the pioneer of the new departure with his "Dreadnought" drivers. The peculiarity of these clubs was the great "whippiness" of the shafts. Their success was assured when Mr. Maxwell, playing with them, won the Amateur Championship. Personally, I think the merit of the clubs lay in their big heads much more than in their springy shafts. For a player like Mr. Maxwell, with a somewhat slow and very stiff swing, these clubs were all very well, but when other players with fuller and more rapid swings tried them they found them extremely difficult to manage. The result has been that the large heads remain, but the whippy shafts have been replaced by stiffer and more reliable ones, with excellent results. Probably this increase in the size of heads, both in length and depth of face, will spread to the iron clubs with like good results. The agitation against mallet-headed clubs must also be noticed, as it sprang into being during last autumn, and will, no doubt, come to a head in the present year. Much ink will probably be spilt, and much heated discussion will have raged before this question is decided one way or the other. My views on the subject are so well known to my readers that I will only refer to them by saying that the more I examine the matter the more firmly I become convinced that no legislation on this point is necessary.

SPORT AND—

T. S. Rowlandson keeping goal in an amateur Soccer match. Some of the "crowd" of onlookers, which probably did not number more than two or three hundred, can be seen in the background

In other respects the past year has not differed from previous ones. The game is progressing steadily in favour, and gains fresh adherents every day. Fresh clubs are constantly springing up, and the army of golfers is constantly receiving new recruits.

I cannot close without a reference to three losses which golfers have sustained. Mr. John Dun was one of the pioneers of the Royal Liverpool Club and a tower of strength among its members. He died full of years and golfing honours; but in two other cases death has cut down two very promising lives. Mr. Ernest Mitchell Innes was the son of the great Gilbert Mitchell Innes, and worthily carried on the traditions of that great golfing name. He was a fine player, and hit a tremendous ball off the tee. His loss is deplored by hosts of friends. The death of the Hon. Archie Gordon is so recent and so sorrowfully vivid in the minds of all of us that I can only add my

voice to that of all others who knew that gallant young spirit in deepest sympathy with his family on their cruel loss. ERNEST LEHMANN.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Seekers after signs of a *rapprochement* between the Football Association and the Amateur Football Association thought that they had found one in the charity match between the Church and Stage. They argued that if the F.A. unbent so far as to sanction this match, it could not maintain its present attitude towards the Dewar Shield contest without laying itself open to a charge of inconsistency, and they accordingly assumed that the Church *v.* Stage match implied a tentative holding out of the olive branch. But apart from the fact that the match was played on the ground of an F.A. club, although A.F.A. players were taking part in it, no significance attached to it at all. There was no relaxation of the boycott, for not a single player in either team has played for an F.A. club this season; and there is all the difference in the world between allowing two scratch teams not

—SPECTACLE

A portion of the crowd of 70,000 which went to witness the professional match at Stamford Bridge on Boxing Day between Chelsea and Newcastle United. The barriers, as shown above, were rushed, and many got in without paying

connected in any way with the F.A. to play on the ground of an F.A. club and sanctioning a match between players drawn from the F.A. clubs on one side and the A.F.A. clubs on the other. Personally I am inclined to think that the chances of a *rapprochement* are diminishing rather than increasing. The A.F.A people seceded from the F.A. because they preferred to manage their own affairs rather than have them managed by a limited company, whose primary object it was to exploit the business side of football. The only question was: Would the A.F.A.—cut off by the F.A. boycott from all intercourse with F.A. clubs—be strong enough to survive? And now that this question has been abundantly answered in the affirmative, I cannot see what is to prevent them from being perfectly happy as they are. They might, perhaps, be glad if the boycott were removed, but it is pretty clear that the F.A. won't do this unless the A.F.A. men are willing to come back again under the control, or, at any rate, under the partial control, of the F.A., which is just the one thing they object to doing. And there is such an enormous difference between football as a sport and football as a spectacle that it is really better that the two should be played separately and separately governed.

BADMINTON

Badminton has reached quite an interesting stage in the history of its evolution, for it would seem that something has got to be done if the Single game is to be kept alive. For some time past it has been thoroughly well recognised that a Single at badminton between expert players is one of the most exhausting forms of exercise going. In lawn tennis there are a few players who confine their attention mainly to Doubles, but in badminton the percentage of players who eschew Singles altogether is quite large. This is because, in order to excel at the game, it is absolutely essential for a player to be in hard training. Even then the strain is considerable, and most players do not think it good enough to have to keep so rigidly fit all through the winter. This is shown by the fact that the honours in Singles have for several seasons past been shared practically among three or four men and two or three women, and that there is at present no indication whatever of any rising players being likely to make their way into this champion class. The present champion, F. Chesterton, was only beaten once last season, by the Irish champion, A. M. Cave, and only once (so far) this season, by G. A. Thomas, a defeat which he has since avenged, while of the ladies, Miss Lucas is quite invincible, though Miss Murray is a good second.

These players may all be described as "old hands" at the game, but although they hold a position of equal eminence in Doubles and Mixed Doubles, there are indications that in this department of the game some of the younger generation *are* coming on, which goes to show pretty conclusively that the Single game is losing popularity; for if these promising players chose to take the trouble, and train carefully, they could doubtless get as near to the champions as they do in Doubles. But they don't; nor is this to be wondered at, for a game which is primarily a test not of skill, but of endurance, is poor fun to most peoples' way of thinking. The difficulty is to know what to do in order to lessen the rigours of the Single game. In the case of the ladies, something was achieved last year by making the game consist of fewer points; but the *desideratum* appears to be not so much to reduce the duration of the encounter as to make the rallies themselves less fatiguing. Some alteration in the dimensions of the court appear to be indicated; but as to the exact nature of that alteration experts so far have agreed to differ. This is a pity, for, just as Single play is the backbone of tennis, lawn tennis, rackets, and so forth, so it ought to be of badminton. One cannot say that it is so now, and it seems to be in some danger of dropping out altogether, which would certainly be a reproach to the game.

Famous College Clubs

No X.—ADELPHI CLUB, EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD

OF all college clubs, the Adelphi, of Exeter College, Oxford, is one of the most famous. Few possess anything like the great traditions of this notable Society; fewer still can boast its wealth, measured in silver plate, of which it owns considerably over £1,000 worth. For this latter it is indebted to that admirable custom which demands some piece of plate from each retiring President. Our photograph will give an idea, though but a poor one at that, of the general character of the Club's silver possessions. It will also serve to show, in an efficient degree, the nature of the Club, which is, of course, merely that of a small dining Society. Limited to twelve, last term's members, of whom nine, with their guests, are shown in the photograph, were: A. V. Shirley (President), C. J. Hirst (Hon. Secretary), L. C. Gamage (Treasurer), H. C. Cox, R. C. Groom, E. G. S. Gordon, B. Rockford, G. J. S. White, C. G. Nicol, T. Sweet-Escott, M. E. Crane, and G. E. Genge. These Club dinners are held once in the Michaelmas and summer terms and twice in the Hilary term, every member being compelled to bring at least one out-college guest, and more if he pleases, to all of these functions, save one of the Easter term dinners, when a fellow-member of his own college may be invited. The dinners are held in the College Hall, and dessert afterwards, partaken of in a special room in the college, which, called the Adelphi Room, is ever assigned to a member of the Society. On these occasions the members disport themselves in a uniform distinctive of the Club, a dinner-jacket with claret facings and dark-blue collar, which has just been introduced. In one particular characteristic the Club is absolutely unique, namely, in excluding all exhibitioners from its membership roll. This is one of the earliest rules of the Society, by which alone, and by its traditions, we are able to ascertain something of the Club's formation and its objects, for, unfortunately, the records of its early days have disappeared. Founded in the 'sixties, we may assert with tolerable certainty that it had the consent of the Fellows and Tutors, and was intended as the representative Club of the College. No first-year men, and, as we have said, no exhibitioners, are eligible for membership, for which, though, no special qualification is necessary. That athletic prowess is much regarded, however, the fact that the majority of the members have won distinction in various ways on the field of sport goes a long way to prove. But social success is, perhaps, an equally important factor, and the man who is a good all-round sort, in fact, the kind of man indispensable at a dinner, generally finds his way into the Society. The selectness of the Club may best be inferred from our mentioning that one dissenting vote is sufficient to disqualify, the elections being made in the strictest privacy. Not always has the Club held undisputed sway in the College. Shortly after its foundation it was threatened by a rival, called "The Falernian," which, as its name implies, was a "wining" rather than a dining society. Started by some of the more riotous and adventurous spirits of the day, it enjoyed but a short-lived existence, and expired ignominiously, its valuable collection of plate being confiscated by the authorities as an aid to pay up its financial deficiencies. Since that time the Adelphi has remained as the undisputed representative Club of the College, and right well has it maintained its noblest traditions.

R. C. R.

A Dinner of the Adelphi Club, Exeter College, Oxford

Members included in this photograph are: T. Sweet-Escott, L. C. Gamage, R. C. Groom, E. G. S. Gordon, B. Rockford, C. J. Hirst, A. V. Shirley, M. E. Crane, G. E. Genge

Y.S.C.

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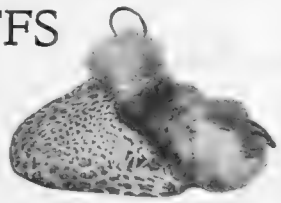

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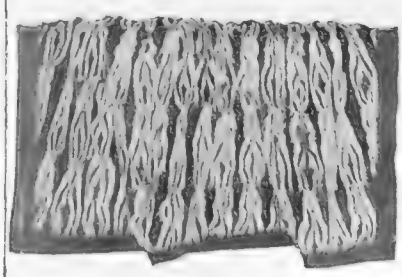

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RACING AND HUNTING NOTIONS

Amateurs at Hurst Park

One of the most pleasant features of last week's racing was the success of the National Hunt Flat Race at Hurst Park on Friday. If the winter racing is to become brighter and more popular than it now is, I am sure it will be brought about by the greater encouragement of amateur riders. They impart variety and freshness to the entertainment. What is more, they bring new horses of good class into the field, and that is something in these days when the same old chasers are taken the dreary round of the meetings with the regularity of clockwork. To Lord Suffolk, a would-be reformer of National Hunt racing, the establishment of last week's race for amateur riders was due, and the entry of twenty-three was distinctly flattering. Of course, Mr. Dermot McCalmont was among the competitors, but the enthusiastic young soldier could get only second to Mr. H. A. Brown on Abelard, who realised the prediction made in these columns by scoring comfortably. Mr. Brown hunts in the Atherstone country, and is a very capable horseman.

A Thousand to One Chance

Last week I told you a little story of modern bookmaking, and it may be appropriate to follow with an anecdote of our biggest professional backer, Mr. Hannam. To those who know little of the inside workings of the Turf it will come as something of a surprise to learn that Mr. Hannam is only one of a group of fearless bettors who have amassed comfortable fortunes by backing horses. It was, I think, just after an Epsom spring meeting, with Sandown Park to follow on the morrow. Mr. Hannam had had a shocking time, and at dinner with some friends that night remarked that he had lost £10,000 during the week. "Never mind," said a friend, "you might get it back at Sandown." "Nonsense," replied the backer, "I should like to lay 1,000 to 1 I don't." "Done," said the friend, "I'll take you—£1,000 to £1." The bet was accepted, and sure enough during the next two days Mr. Hannam did retrieve all his losses, and the lucky friend on the Monday had the supreme satisfaction of handling a four-figure cheque!

Events of the Week

This week we shall have a new topic of interest in the publication of the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap and other big spring handicaps, which closed yesterday. It is extraordinary how tips for these races fly about long before the entries are made. A week or two ago I was solemnly assured that "Mustapha and Lutteur III." was the best "double" for the Lincoln and Grand National. At Gatwick on Wednesday I recommend **Barbed Head** for the Crawley Steeplechase and **Broadside** for the Maiden Hurdle Race on the following day. At Haydock Park on Saturday **Moorside II.** is my selection for the January Steeplechase. CARBINE.

First Half of the Hunting Season

All last week the going was terribly heavy, and many low-lying districts were again practically under water. This told heavily upon horses, but soft ground is better than hard when there is galloping across country to be done, and I suppose we ought to think ourselves fortunate that the winter so far has been associated with comparatively few serious interruptions of hunting. Several very sharp snaps of frost there have been, and heavy snow in the North and Midlands; yet when things have looked at their worst a sudden change has come to cheer the heart of the impatient foxhunter. Scent has been as perverse as usual, and performances of the history-making kind have not been numerous.

The Warwickshire Meeting

The grievous situation in Warwickshire seems to have taken a brighter aspect as the result of the big meeting of the Hunt last week. After a long discussion it was settled that Lord Willoughby de Broke should continue the Mastership of the pack, and that Captain Granville should retain his position as Secretary. And so, you see, it is "as you were" in Warwickshire. I happened to be in the country last week, and had the opportunity of talking on the subject of the dispute with one or two of the best-known followers of the pack, and also with a leading tenant farmer. That was before the meeting. I am sorry to say the impression conveyed to me was unsatisfactory, but one hopes for better times. There would seem to be two factions in the Hunt; those who regard Lord Willoughby, the largest landowner, as the best man possible for the leadership of the pack, and those who do not. It is rumoured that there will be a new huntsman and a Joint Master next season.

Polo Form

This is not the time when polo is uppermost in our thoughts, but the publication of the Hurlingham Recent Form List for 1910 reminds us that before very long the polo stick will be swung and the hunter replaced by the polo pony. There are no startling changes in the List. A few players, either suffering from the troublesome complaint of Anno Domini or for other reasons off their game, are omitted this year. Two additions have been made since the end of last season. One is Mr. Isaac Bell, the other Colonel Chunda Singh. I am not altogether satisfied that Mr. Bell's form really justifies his inclusion among the "holy of holies," but, of course, the compilers of the List, with their vast knowledge and experience of the game, must be allowed to be the best judges of that. I would also question the wisdom of retaining Mr. H. Scott Robson and one or two others who seemed last season not so good as they used to be. I heartily agree, however, that Colonel Chunda Singh has thoroughly earned his place. A. W. C.

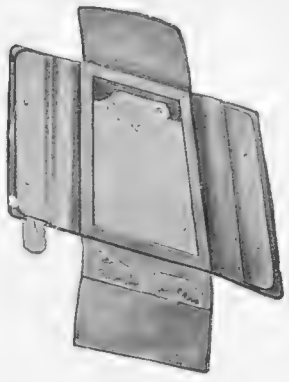
TURNBULL & ASSER

The "Kollapsum" Shirt Case.

Made in tan and various coloured leather, brown, blue, myrtle, purple, etc.

Price from £2 - 10 - 0

The "Kollapsum" fills a long-felt want and makes a charming gift.
Shirts, Ties, and Handkerchiefs can be carried when travelling without the least danger of their being crushed or spoiled. The case extends to hold six shirts, and lies perfectly flat in a portmanteau.



Extract from the "Field":—

"THE 'KOLLAPSUM' SHIRT CASE. This is a new shirt case, made in leather of various colours and of the lightest make, so that it can be placed inside a kit-bag, a trunk, or a portmanteau without adding to the weight. It can be used for a single shirt or it can be expanded to hold half a dozen. It is altogether **a most useful affair,** because it entirely does away with the crushing which so often occurs when shirts are placed among other clothes in a bag or portmanteau. The makers of this useful case are Messrs. Turnbull and Asser, of 71, Jermyn Street, St. James's, a firm which has for many years laid itself out to produce high-class sporting necessaries, and which is the maker of the Quorn Hunting Scarf or Stock and the Quorn Hunting Glove, both of which are excellent productions."

Sole proprietors of the "QUORN" HUNTING SCARF. Price 4s. 6d.

Also the well-renowned **INCLUTUS FLANNEL.** The best unshrinkable flannel on the market. An ideal material for all sportsmen or people engaged in outdoor pursuits.

Price List and Coloured Booklet of the Season's Patterns on application.

71 & 72, Jermyn Street, London, S.W. (5 doors from St. James Street)

Telephone—4628 GERRARD. Telegraphic Address—"PADDYWHACK, LONDON."

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CANNES.

Entirely Renovated 1909.

50 BATHROOMS, CERTIFIED SANITATION, NEAREST HOTEL TO THE GOLF COURSES, POLO, and AVIATION GROUNDS.

The Famous Cannes Lawn Tennis Courts are in the Hotel Grounds.

E. GUGLIELMI, *Manager.*

How are you ?

ABSOLUTELY DIFFERENT FROM

ALL OTHER CAKES.

Have you had your

MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

They are suitable for ALL KINDS OF DOGS AND PUPPIES.
No Fancy Preparations being necessary.

These Foods are composed of the purest ingredients only. Their unique effects are due to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the cakes are compounded. They aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in fine condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent the dogs smelling. *Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants, and*

The Molassine Co., Ltd., Dog and Puppy Cake Works,
6, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.

In districts where these cakes are not stocked by Dealers, we pay carriage to Consumers on quantities of 28 lb. and upwards. Send for Samples.

"MOLASSINE MEAL GIVES HORSES STAMINA."

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

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ALWAYS READY FOR USE

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REAL HAMBURG GROUND

RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

Black Handle - - - - - - - -	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop - - - - - -	7/6
Ivory Handle - - - - - - - -	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste - - - - - -	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

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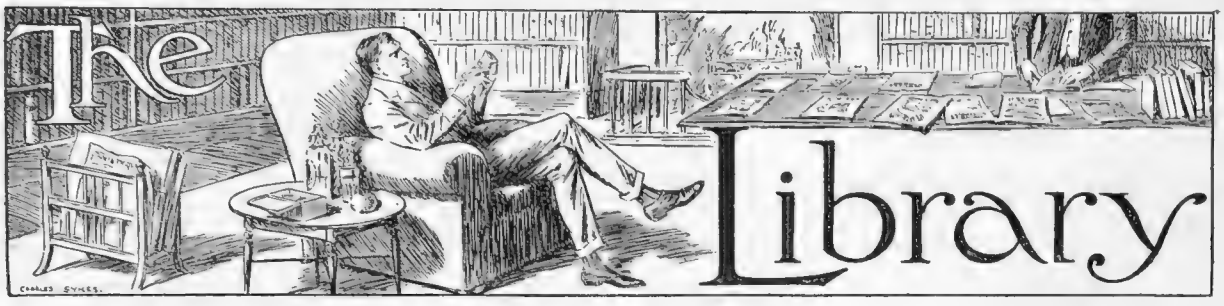

The Tale of a Silly Woman

In *The Deeper Stain* (Bell: 6*s.*) Mr. Frank Hird tells an excellent story, and tells it most amusingly. It is not often that a modern author ventures to hold the mirror up to the foolish, shallow nature of the Society woman of to-day, who is more often than not a mere *poseuse*; but Mr. Hird has done so without malice in his picture of Lady Roborough, who is "High Church by temperament," and who "takes up" the "too pathetic Strattons," her husband's poor and distant relations, who want nothing so much as to be left alone by her. Few modern husbands have the courage to combat the whims of foolish wives as had Lord Roborough.

A Catastrophic Story

The author of *The Red Rose of Summer* has, in *Theodora's Husband*, by Louise Mack (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*), written a dramatic and rather fascinating story, the scenes of which are variously laid in Boulogne, Paris, Italy, and London. Her characters are all of an original type; as witness Theodora herself, Marcel Fleur, the fraudulent aeronaut, old Ivan, the real genius, Sir George Allingham, and not least the blackmailing lady journalist, Mrs. Packingthorpe. With such a collection of characters catastrophe is bound to follow; but when it comes it satisfies the probabilities and the reader's elementary sense of right and justice.

An Unremarkable Tale

Miss Strangeways, by Alice M. Diehl (Long: 6*s.*), is a tale in which the tragic and the commonplace are curiously mingled. Its scenes are laid on the Continent, which possibly accounts for, if it does not excuse, the fact that most of its pages are disfigured by foreign words and phrases printed in italics, as well as by the extravagant use of inverted commas for even such ordinary, every-day words as "flat" and "studio."

"The Months of the Year"

An exceedingly useful and interesting book is that entitled *The Months of the Year*, by the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd, M.A. (W. H. and L. Collingridge: 5*s.* net). It contains such information as the meanings of the names of months, the chief events of the month, and Church Festivals. Then sports, pastimes, flowers, and many other subjects are dealt with. The book is well illustrated with photographs, and makes a most excellent book of reference.

A Novel of Australia

What Lay Beneath, by "Coo-oe" (William Sylvester Walker) (John Ouseley: 6*s.*), is a wild and sometimes incoherent story of bush and other forms of life in the Australian Continent, with plenty of "catapulting," "kangarooing," and other amusements and recreations of the bush. The English part of the book is not so convincing, nor is the girl, "Bronzewing Delamaine," more conclusive than her name. The stage is crowded with characters, and there is an unimportant love-interest; but the volume is by no means epoch-making.

An "Agreeable Rattle"

A most agreeable *raconteur* is "Thormanby." He knows what will interest and amuse sportsmen, and his industry in unearthing excellent stories of sport and sporting characters is remarkable. If you want a pleasant companion for a long winter's evening read his *Sporting Stories* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.*). Perhaps you will have heard one of his yarns before, but there will be fifty others new to you; in any case, "Thormanby" makes you think the old yarns are worth the retelling. His scope is tremendous. On racing he is strongest and best, but on hunting, driving and trotting, coursing, the cockpit, prize-fighting, shooting, fishing, cricket, polo, and goodness knows what else he has apparently an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. I notice one or two typographical errors. One is a little amusing. "The scandals attaching to Lady Elizabeth and the earl" might induce the uninitiated reader to suppose that some affair of the heart was hinted at. Whereas The Earl was a noted racehorse—with capital letters, please.

Another Divorce Novel

The question of divorce, in my opinion, has been receiving too much attention of late at the hands of the novelist, and in *The Blot*, by Stephen Torre (Everett: 6*s.*), the author gives us his views on the inadequacy of the Divorce Laws. Given that the subject has not been over-written about, then Mr. Torre has given us a readable and, in parts, an exceedingly powerful novel.

Emotional Poetry

The Seductive Coast, by J. M. Stuart-Young (John Ouseley: 5*s.*), is a collection of poems largely of an erotic tendency. Whether this reflects the spirit of the West African coast, with which the verses deal, only a resident can say. Mr. Stuart-Young has, at any rate, a happy gift of versifying, a well-equipped palette, and considerable courage in expressing his emotions. The book will, we imagine, be devoured eagerly by all "Coasters," though the effect produced on an English reader is not entirely pleasant. After reading these poems we cannot envy the residents in such a hectic region as the author discovers for us. Nevertheless, this is a volume of poetry that it is by no means a waste of time to read—and read slowly. It produces a distinctly fresh sensation, and is an admirable blood-warmer for a cold railway journey.

THE AGE WHEN THE HAIR FALLS OUT.

Why many Men and Women, both Married and Unmarried, find themselves at 30—or even earlier—with Hair which is Becoming Distressingly Thin.

GREAT LONDON SPECIALIST OFFERS TO PRESENT, FREE OF COST TO EVERY READER, A WEEK'S COMPLETE COURSE OF A SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT WHICH ENABLES ITS USER TO KEEP HIS OR HER HAIR IN PERFECT CONDITION FOR LIFE.

Recent important scientific investigations have established the fact that there is a critical age in the life of the hair of the head, just as there is a critical time in the life of every man and woman.

Necessarily this exact age varies somewhat according to circumstances and different individuals, but, generally speaking, it may be laid down that the critical period in the life of the hair lies, roughly, between the ages of twenty-five and forty.

It is between these two age-milestones that the hair requires especially careful treatment and attention if it is not to fall out altogether or lose its colour and become grey and white.

And it is because this fact is not generally known that many men and women find themselves at or about the age of 30—sometimes even earlier—with hair which is becoming distressingly discoloured and scanty, falling out when it is brushed and combed, and losing that exquisite gloss and lustre which adds so much to the beauty of its appearance, and which is, indeed, one of the surest signals of "Hair-Good-Health."

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST INTERVIEWED

"At the present time, however," said Mr. Edwards, "it is the most common thing in the world for a man or woman to find their hair growing thin and scanty, or losing its natural rich colour, whilst they are still in their twenties. This is a most regrettable thing, and if only people knew the right methods of Hair Preservation they could avoid all this hair-weakness and scalp trouble. That this is so I have proved over and over again.

"Thousands of people in all ranks and stations of life have written to me complaining of the poor, weakly, and unbeautiful condition of their hair. I sent them an Outfit for my system known as 'Hair-Culture' (the same Outfit that I am willing to send free of payment to any of your readers who would like to try it), and the result has been that the beauty, health, and general condition of their hair has improved a hundredfold, a fact which they attribute entirely (and enthusiastically) to the single two minutes' daily Toilet Method I have shown and explained to them."

If you have noticed that your hair has become thinner lately, do not allow this day to go by without making the following test: Lay a piece of white paper or cloth on your dressing table, then comb and brush your hair vigorously, and note the amount of falling hair or scurf dislodged thereby. You will be able to judge in this way the advisability of at once taking up "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the sake of your hair and its appearance. You are, at the same time, invited to write or one of the 1,000,000 Hair-Drill Outfits that Mr. Edwards, the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," is giving away to the public.

THE SIGNS OF APPROACHING BALDNESS

Many readers will doubtless be glad to know what are the signs of approaching Baldness or Loss of Hair-Health, so that they can take immediate steps to get their hair into proper condition again.

Well, these advance-signals of distress are very numerous, and for a full list (and it is necessary to know them), you had better write to Mr. Edwards for the free outfit for Hair Culture which he hereby offers to send to you free of cost, and which contains a copy of his treatise upon the subject.

The following are urgent signs of Hair-Distress and approaching Baldness:—

Hair which is losing its gloss and sheeny lustre.
Hair which has become dull and dead-looking.
Hair which is turning grey.
Hair which is splitting at the ends.
Hair which is brittle and breaks off when brushed.
Hair which is objectionably greasy, sticky, and dank to the touch.
The presence of scurf in the form of minute flakes, specks, or greasy layers.
The presence of grey or whity powder called dandruff.
An unpleasant itching or irritation of the scalp.

If you have noticed any of these symptoms in your case, write now—to-day—to Mr. Edwards, at the address given below, and by return of post he will send you everything necessary for restoring your hair to Health, Strength, and Beauty, and banishing all Baldness, Falling-of-the-Hair, Grey and Faded Hair, Scurf, Irritation-of-the-Scalp, and other similar disorders and weaknesses.

Remember, it is no use waiting, and waiting, and waiting until your hair has actually fallen out in large quantities before trying the remedy Mr. Edwards is here offering you free.

All you have to do is to fill up the following Coupon, and send it to the address there given, with 3*d.* in stamps for return postage, and in return you will be sent a complete Toilet Outfit for preserving and increasing the beauty, the strength, and the wealth-of-growth of your hair, and restoring its colour.

This Outfit contains:—

1. A Full Supply of the great Hair Tonic Dressing, "Harlene-for-the-Hair," sufficient for a complete seven days' course of "Harlene Hair-Drill."
2. A Large Trial Package of the delightful and refreshing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for cleansing, revivifying, and toning-up the scalp, and removing all deposits of scurf and dandruff. This Shampoo Powder is perfectly safe to use, and contains nothing which is harmful in any way. Mr. Edwards has specially prepared it for self-use in the Home, and it is certain that every lady or gentleman who desires to obtain Hair Perfection should shampoo their hair with "Cremex" once or twice every week. Children's hair should also be regularly shampooed with "Cremex" to free it from all dust or dandruff which otherwise is liable to accumulate. Its use insures a healthy and vigorous growth of soft and beautiful hair.
3. A Copy of Mr. Edwards' "Harlene Book," giving full information as to the care and cultivation of the Hair, and containing, also, full directions for following the great Toilet Culture Method—which, when practised for two minutes a day, banishes Hair Weaknesses and Disorders of every kind, and ensures to every lady and gentleman that much-desired appearance-possession—"A Luxuriant Head of Hair."

Further supplies of Harlene and "Cremex" may be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of P.O. Harlene in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles. Cremex in boxes of six for 1*s.*

COUPON ENTITLING YOU TO A WEEK'S COURSE OF HOME TREATMENT FOR CULTIVATING AND PRESERVING YOUR HAIR FREE OF CHARGE.

Fill in your name and address below, and post this coupon to the
EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.,
enclosing 3*d.* in stamps to cover the cost of delivering the Outfit to your address (there is no charge for postage if package is called for), and all the above requirements and directions for a 7 days' course of Hair Culture will be sent to you by return free of charge.

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ADDRESS .....

THE BYSTANDER, Jan. 5, 1910. ....

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recognises that the finest value in Motor Tyres of to-day is found in

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"Best Thing on Wheels"

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Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain), Ltd., 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Election Tactics

With the near approach of the turmoil of a General Election it behoves automobilists throughout the country to take a calm survey of the present position of the law in regard to the motor sport and industry, and to determine upon the most effective steps to be taken to insure improved conditions. Every year the power of the car as a highly efficient electioneering engine receives wider recognition, and it is to be hoped that one and all will do their utmost in taking full advantage of the strength we possess. Abolition of the speed-limit on open roads, the cutting down of hedges and straightening of dangerous curves, road surface improvement, strong insistence that *all* vehicles be adequately lighted at night, and a revision of the more ridiculous and unfair penalties for technical offences under the Motor-Car Acts are a few of the points to which attention should be directed. It is, I think, regrettable that the Royal Automobile Club has made no official pronouncement on this subject, but it is not yet too late, and in the meantime it is within the bounds of reasonableness to urge that every motorist who is asked to assist by the loan of his car or cars for canvassing purposes and the conveyance of voters to the polls should endeavour to extract, if not a definite pledge, at least an expression of opinion from each prospective candidate. The active motor contingent in the present House of Commons will be, it is to be hoped, greatly increased in the next Parliament so far as numbers are concerned, and the necessity is all the more urgent for a strong, enlightened, and united policy.

Aerial Attack

Highly praiseworthy is the action of the recently formed Aerial League of the British Empire in regard to the coming political upheaval. In view of the somewhat startling statement that ere the year 1910 has run its course our German cousins will possess a fleet of over sixty airships suitable for military purposes, the League members have propounded a searching catechism for the consideration of all candidates as to how far they will — if elected — support a proposal for the allocation of public funds towards providing an adequate scheme of aerial defence. The matter is one of some importance. We have so long accustomed ourselves to rely upon the great strength of our first line of defence that it is difficult to realise that our insular security is not only endangered, but must in time be completely annulled by the progress of aviation. It is not the policy of THE BYSTANDER to sound an alarmist note, or to indulge in prophetic visions of future developments, but this at least may be postulated with confidence, that if the science of aerial navigation advances within the next ten years as rapidly as the growth of automobilism during the last five years our strategic position among the nations of Europe will be absolutely revolutionised. Our great spending Departments annually disburse many millions of money upon defensive weapons, and a statesmanlike estimate of

The present Earl of Derby, following in the footsteps of his father, uses Napier cars. Napier cars are not only the best cars, but British-built throughout.

Royal Princess as Chauffeur

H.R.H. Princess William of Sweden driving her own car at Nice. Standing in the car just behind his wife is Prince William

things as they are and as they may be must peremptorily dictate preparation for any emergency that may, however remotely, threaten our Homeland and our Empire.

Icebound Roads

There has been heavy weather in the Midlands and in the North of late, with severe snaps of frost. When partially thawed snow becomes frozen, no more dangerous surface for motoring can be encountered, more especially on ill-made country roads, where the camber is pronounced. I had an experience of side-slip last week under such conditions which might easily have resulted in disaster but for the fact that we had taken the simple precaution to wind a length of five-eighths rope round rim and tyre on the near-side driving-wheel. This simple expedient I recommend as a handy substitute when chain non-skids are not readily procurable.

A New Year Wish

In the year upon which we have just entered we are certain to witness many momentous changes in every department of human endeavour. To all motoring readers of THE BYSTANDER I sincerely trust that these may be of happy issue, and that everyone who reads these lines may experience a non-stop run of prosperity and felicity from end to end of 1910.

REPAIRS to MOTOR-CARS are our speciality. Every sort of OVERHAUL. Boring cylinders, etc. We are *cheap* and *quick*. Official Repairers to the Royal Automobile Club.—JERMYN STREET MOTOR WORKS, Wells St., Jermyn St. 4757 Mayfair.

Miscellanea

An invention has been introduced which will materially minimise the heavy cost of motor upkeep due to tyre maintenance and the rectification of mechanical troubles arising mainly from road shocks and abnormal vibration. This is an intercepting suspension arrangement between the car springs and the chassis, the invention being called the "Amans" Pneumo-Suspension. It can be fitted to all motor-cars, old or new, from the lightest to the heaviest, without any alteration of the chassis. The device gives enhanced comfort to passengers, and entirely obviates the employment of costly accessories which have been necessary hitherto.

The Sunshine Hotel

For some hotels, as for some towns, our affection seems to increase with each successive visit. Guests at the Hotel Beau-Site, Cannes, are never surprised to see the same faces in its famous lounge season after season; for once the Riviera visitor has tasted the joys and comforts of this winter rendezvous he will make it his annual goal and advise his friends to do the same. Society has been known to complain of ennui at other hotels; patrons of the Beau-Site are never dull, because they are never bored. Just recently the hotel has been renovated from top to bottom, and many extensive improvements have been carried out. Fifty new bathrooms and several new suites of apartments have been constructed, central heating on the most approved lines has been installed, the sanitary arrangements have all been perfected. The sportsman, the M.P., or the sun-seeking visitor to Cannes should make a point of booking a room at the Beau-Site. It is the nearest hotel to the golf course, the polo ground, and the new aviation ground, has three incomparable lawn tennis courts in its own gardens, and is within an easy walk of the promenade, the Casino, and the town.

BEDFORD XVIII., 4-cyl. shaft-drive Chassis, 15-18 h.-p., with magneto and quick detachable tyres, for £200 is the best thing on wheels you ever rode in. The 3 years' guarantee means something for you.

Some Striking Press Comments on the

SPENCER-MOULTON

DETACHABLE AND DIVIDED RIM.

The Simplest Device on the Market for Changing Tyres.
Can be used with any Standard make of Tyre.

"An excellent type of rim. . . All operations are performed with one spanner."—*Daily Telegraph.*

". . . combines the functions of a detachable rim and removable flange in such a manner that all tyre operations are performed with one spanner."—*Daily Mail.*

"The rim can be removed as a whole and replaced by a spare one, and tyre fully inflated in under 10 minutes. . . The motorist need have no fear of any part of it getting out of order."—*Morning Post.*

"A simple and safe contrivance."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"Both clever and practical. No tyre levers are necessary, nor are security bolts required. The mechanism is simplicity itself."—*The Field.*

"The new Spencer-Moulton rim, by reason of its clever design and exceptional strength of construction, is of more than ordinary interest."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Most ingenious and practical."—*The Autocar.*

Full particulars and prices of the Rim and SPENCER-MOULTON Tyres sent post free on application, or specimens may be seen at the showrooms of Harvey, Frost & Co., 27, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

GEO. SPENCER, MOULTON & CO., Ltd.

77-79, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Works: Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

S 55

John Bull's Safety Razor

The CLEMAK BRITISH MADE

CLEMAK RAZOR WITH SEVEN BLADES COMPLETE IN CASE,

5/-

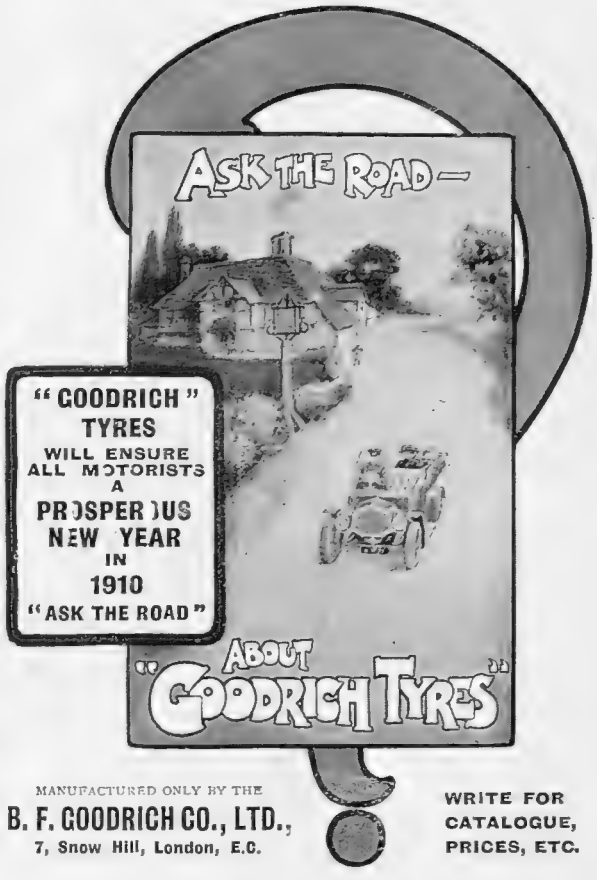
STANDARD OUTFIT with 12 BLADES AND STROP, 10/6

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU ONE.

CLEMAK BLADES can be stropped and will last for years.

Of all Stores, Cutlers, &c., or Post Free from the

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.



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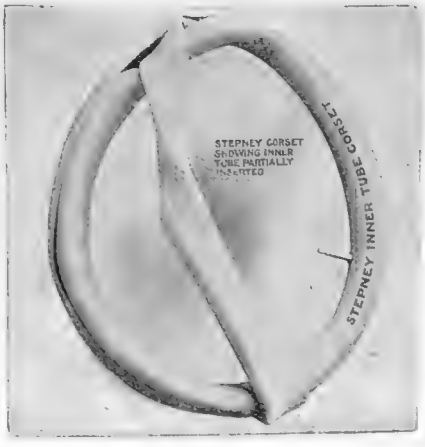
"STEPNEY" TUBE CORSET



We claim for the above that it—

1st. Enables the Motorist to get nearly two thousand miles wear from his scrapped covers.

2nd. Avoids the disadvantage of having canvas inserted in the Inner Tube.

3rd. Allows the Motorist to utilise his ordinary all-rubber Inner Tube, which, naturally, can be repaired more easily than an inner tube re-inforced with canvas.

4th. Will wear out several unrepairable burst covers which would otherwise have been scrapped.

The Stepney Spare Motor Wheel, Ltd., Llanelly, S. Wales.

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London Showrooms: 168, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, and 93-95, BOLSOVER STREET, W.

Telegrams: Works—"Wheels, Llanelly"; Showrooms—"Wheelesque, London."

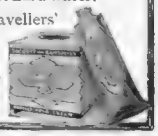
Beauty is skin-deep

Hence if you would be beautiful you must keep the skin of your face in perfect condition by using

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S
Perfect Cold Cream.

Its creamy quality makes it delightful to use. An absolutely reliable specific prepared with scientific precision. It imparts coolness and freshness to the skin, removing all impurities, and keeping it soft and silky. Prevents premature wrinkling and counteracts the effects of hard water.

Jars 1/6, 2/-, 3/6, 6/3. Travellers' Tubes, 6d., 1/- & 2/-,



Obtainable of all principal Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable locally free sample on application to DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Manufg. Chemists, 17 Charterhouse Bdgs., London, E.C.

Sale of Irish Linen

An excellent opportunity for replenishing in our well-known makes of genuine Linen. Quoted are a few Bargains from our Sale Catalogue:

LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.
A quantity of odd cloths in designs that we have now discontinued. 2 yds. by 3 yds., **11/9** & **12/9** each; 2 yds. by 2½ yds. **9/6** & **10/9** each.

LINEN SHEETS, HEMSTITCHED.
A number of odd lots. 3 yds. by 3½ yds., offered at **17/9**; 2½ yds. by 3 yds., at **10/6**; 2 yds. by 3 yds., at **7/3** each.

LINEN TOWELS.
Heavy Huckaback. Usual price, 15/6 doz.: 2,400 offered at per doz., **12/6**.

HANDKERCHIEFS
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, being the surplus from the Christmas trade, are obtainable at exceptionally low prices.

Illustrated Sale Catalogue Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
44, T, DONEGALL PLACE,
BELFAST.

Money refunded if goods are not approved.

LONDON. LIVERPOOL

To Cleanse the mouth, and preserve the body from infection;
To Ensure White Teeth and Sound Gums, use

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

Prepared from Purely Vegetable Antiseptics.

Contains no Caustic Disinfecting Chemicals which are liable to affect the delicate tissues of the mouth and lips.

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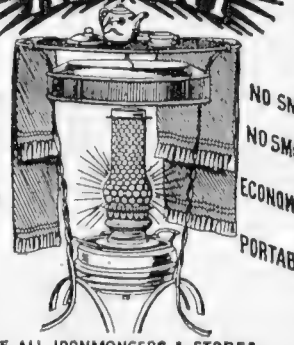

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No. 318.—Vol. XXV. Wednesday, January 5, 1910 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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NORTH DEVON.—ONLY £3,500, FREEHOLD, for a substantially built old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in a high position facing South, and surrounded by beautifully timbered parklands of

OVER 8 ACRES,

with grand views over the bay. Long carriage drive, entrance hall, conservatory, 4 good reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices. 6 stalls, coach-house, and harness room.

The grounds are especially charming, and include wide-spreading lawns, walled kitchen garden, flower beds, etc. Cottage and useful outbuildings. SPORTING OF ALL KINDS OBTAINABLE, and the neighbourhood abounds in antiquities. Several acres of extra land can be had.—Price and all further particulars from HAMPTON and SONS, who have personally inspected and can recommend. Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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26 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms; electric light installed; delightful gardens and island surrounded by the River Mole;

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MODEL HOME FARM,

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DELIGHTFUL WOOD,

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GOOD HUNTING. DEER PARK.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, this fine HOUSE, standing in a deer park of nearly 100 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall (30ft. 6in. high), 5 reception rooms, 16 principal and 10 servants' bedrooms; complete offices; stabling for 11 horses; tastefully arranged pleasure grounds. Rent low. Shooting might be had.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,449)

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A UNIQUE COUNTRY HOME.

IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF SUSSEX, near a favourite seaside resort.—A delightful old RESIDENCE, combining all the charms of

AN ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE,

with all modern comforts, including electric light. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, and 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; first-rate stabling.

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TO BE SOLD, Freehold, an attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 22½ acres, with a well-built House, standing high and commanding extensive views. Accommodation: billiard hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3; well-matured pleasure grounds; cottages; golf, shooting, and fishing in neighbourhood.—Price and full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (762)

ON THE SOUTH COAST.—To be SOLD, or LET Furnished, an important Freehold RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of

2,720 ACRES IN A RING FENCE,

including a beautiful House in perfect order, luxuriously fitted with every comfort, and occupying

a situation of unsurpassed beauty: reception and lounge halls, 5 reception, billiard, 25 bed, and 6 bathrooms; complete domestic accommodation; stabling for 29 horses; 11 farms, etc.

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HUNTING. FISHING. GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 70 acres, with the above moderate-sized RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent views: 6 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, and usual offices; stabling for 14; motor-house and pit; ample cottages; gas is laid on; modern drainage; lovely old lawns; shrubberies, peach-house, vinery, glasshouses, etc.; forest shooting licence can be obtained; golf and fishing; village 1 mile distant.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,973)

WESTERN COUNTIES. 2 HOURS OF LONDON. 700FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

TO BE SOLD, a fine old castellated RESIDENCE, beautifully placed in a park of about 55 acres. A well-timbered carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, gives access to the House. Accommodation: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; tabling for 11; beautiful gardens, tennis lawn, ornamental fountain, walled kitchen garden, capital orchard, and well-timbered park; hunting; golf.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,529)

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COMPACT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

THIS FINE OLD FAMILY MANSION, standing in a richly timbered park, bordered by a stream affording

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to be SOLD. The House is replete with all modern conveniences, and contains: entrance and inner halls, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, etc.; first-rate stabling; grand old pleasure grounds and parklands extending to about

74 ACRES,

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TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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THE NOMINAL PRICE OF £2,000 WILL PURCHASE the above genuine old, stone-built COTSWOLD MANOR HOUSE, with mullioned windows, standing in high situation with grand views; 1½ miles from station, 2 hours from London: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, ample offices, inexpensive pleasure grounds bounded by trout stream, kitchen garden, stabling; additional land, cottages, etc., can be had if desired.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,788)

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THE ABOVE CHARMING COUNTRY HOUSE, near splendid golf links, to be SOLD at a moderate price, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished; 2 miles from station, and commanding magnificent views; replete with modern comforts and conveniences: 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, lounge hall, ample offices with servants' hall; tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens; approached by private road, and immune from motor dust nuisance.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,003)

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45 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

FOR SALE, cheap, the above well-built RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive, and containing: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and domestic offices; stabling for 2, coach-house, and useful outbuildings; pleasure grounds of about 2 acres, full-sized tennis lawn. The House stands at an ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 300ft., and commands good views.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,737)

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£2,350 WOULD PURCHASE the above charming little RESIDENCE standing in inexpensive but pretty grounds, shrubberies, etc., of about 2 acres; situated in the beautiful district of Hindhead, and near a station: 3 reception rooms, large hall, 7 bedrooms, and offices; small stabling, motor-shed, etc.; water and gas laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,210)

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AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN.

THE GREATLY REDUCED PRICE of £8,000 will be accepted for an exceptionally choice COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in grandly timbered park of 34 ACRES, in a favourite residential district, on gravel soil, and within EASY REACH OF WINDSOR AND ASCOT: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 spacious reception rooms, outer and inner halls, ample offices; excellent stabling; attractive but inexpensive pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc.; 40 minutes from London.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,037)

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL and RICKMANSWORTH district (accessible to 2 stations, whence London is reached in about 20 minutes).—To be SOLD, Freehold, at a low figure, a valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, together with 11, 25, or 31 acres. It comprises the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a beautiful situation, essentially in the country; long carriage drive approach with lodge entrance; 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; stabling for 3. Glorious views extending to the Surrey Hills and Windsor Forest are obtained from most of the principal apartments. Company's water; modern sanitation; telephone installed; inexpensive matured grounds with tennis lawn, orchard, and several enclosures of pasture-land. Excellent golf links almost adjoining; coarse fishing in the neighbourhood.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,858)

£4,500 ONLY WILL PURCHASE a valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of over 150 ACRES, in a favourite home county. It comprises the above very desirable modern Residence, approached by a long carriage drive, and occupying a well-chosen site on rising ground, facing South; capital stabling, coachman's cottage, complete farm-buildings, and 6-roomed house. The Property lies in a ring fence, and is finely timbered; shooting and hunting in the vicinity.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,468)

WESTERN MIDLANDS.—For SALE, a choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF NEARLY 60 ACRES. PRICE, £6,000. The House (see view above) commands delightful views over the valley of the Wye, and contains: hall, boudoir, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and 2 attics, capital domestic offices, including servants' sitting room; stabling for 7 horses, coach-house, and 2 rooms for men, 2 cottages; attractive pleasure grounds, well-timbered terrace walk, lawn, orchard, and woodland walks; 50 acres of well-timbered and rich meadowland.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,149)

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF HERTS.

ONE AND A HALF MILES FROM HITCHIN STATION, 40 minutes from London.—A reduced price will now be accepted for the above attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, 250ft. above sea, with stabling, cottage, buildings, and undulating pasture and arable lands, all in a ring fence, and comprising ABOUT 80 ACRES; carriage drive approach through parklike surroundings; charming well-timbered grounds, spacious lawns, greenhouse, etc.; 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms (h. and c.), large lounge hall, 3 capital reception rooms, ample offices, servants' hall. Extra land can be had if required.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,906)

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YORKS (near Doncaster).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive stone-built RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance, standing in miniature park and grounds of 12½ ACRES, tennis lawn, etc.: 4 large reception, 18 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, farmery, 2 cottages. SHOOTING OVER 290 ACRES. RENT ONLY £100 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PERSONALLY INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

HAMPSTEAD (close to Heath).—A magnificent old MANSION, standing in its own grounds of about 2 ACRES: 15 bed, 3 bath, handsome dining room (40ft. by 22ft.), billiard room, and 3 other beautiful entertaining rooms; exquisite garden with full-sized tennis court. Price and further details on application.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (SR 1,757)

TO GOLFERS AND OTHERS.
CLOSE TO THE CROWBOROUGH LINKS.

TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, or SOLD, a well-built, nicely arranged modern RESIDENCE, standing 760ft. above sea level, commanding lovely views; standing in prettily laid-out pleasure grounds of 1½ acres: outer and lounge halls, 3 good reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and good offices, including servants' hall, 2 staircases; gas and water laid on. Price, £3,500. Rent, Unfurnished, £180. NOMINAL RENT FURNISHED for Winter.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,324)

BERKS (between Mortimer and Reading).—To be SOLD or LET, an exceptionally attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, very well placed, standing in pretty grounds, and

A Low Price Will be Accepted.

WELL-TIMBERED, PARKLIKE LAND OF 35 ACRES.

Hall, 3 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 7 horses, farmery, and 2 cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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LOVELY VIEWS.

RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 200 ACRES, in a lovely part of Surrey, 400ft. above sea level, under 1 hour of London. Lovely hall panelled in oak, fine oak staircase; 3 large reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; lodge, 2 cottages; lovely gardens and park; stabling for 6; motor-house; electric light; Company's water. Moderate price will be accepted.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES IN MARKET. ONLY WANTS SEEING.

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WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS. PARKLAND OF 38¼ ACRES.

Large lounge hall, 4 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, and offices; excellent stabling for 9.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

LOVELY PEAK DISTRICT (600ft. to 700ft. above sea).—Charming old ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, approached by fine avenue: 12 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception, and billiard: stabling 6; beautifully timbered grounds: hunting, shooting, and fishing in district. To LET, Furnished.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,510)

£1,500.—QUIET COUNTRY RETREAT on the Chiltern Hills, 45 minutes from Town. For SALE, a modern RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds. Accommodation: large hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3, and useful outbuildings.—Box K 4,135, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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FAVOURITE DISTRICT ABOUT AN HOUR FROM TOWN.
14 ACRES. 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS. STABLING AND GARAGE.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive, moderate-sized RESIDENCE, in excellent order, in pretty grounds of 14 acres; church, village, and golf links 1 mile. Would be LET, Furnished.—Box K 4,418, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Under an Hour from Town, in a very good Residential District.

HISTORICAL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, standing in a beautifully timbered park of about 60 acres. The House has been carefully restored and enlarged, and possesses a quantity of

ANCIENT OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

Accommodation: large lounge hall, 4 reception, 18 bedrooms, bathrooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room; ample stabling, farmhouse, outbuildings, cottages, etc., delightful old grounds, containing some

GRAND OLD FOREST TREES

and meadow-land.—Box K 4,283, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
1 HOUR OF TOWN. STATION 1¼ MILE.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 110 acres, situated in a favourite district, with a modern house, beautifully fitted with every convenience, including the electric light. Accommodation: square lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 25 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 8; beautiful pleasure grounds; farmery; 6 cottages, etc.—Box K 4,310, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£1,500 FOR A GENUINE JACOBEAN RESIDENCE (2½ hours from London; in a favourite district).—To be SOLD, Freehold, beautiful old HOUSE, with massive staircase and other characteristics. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, about 10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling and outbuildings; delightful old English garden and orchard, in all over 3 acres.—Box K 4,518, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

20 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.
RURAL SITUATION.
300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.
GOLF COURSE 10 MINUTES' WALK.

FOR SALE, Freehold, an attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 31 acres. The Residence faces South, and is well away from the noise and dust of main roads: 2 halls, 4 reception rooms, large conservatory, 9 bed and dressing rooms (extra bedrooms could easily be added), 2 bathrooms, ample offices; Company's water laid on; stabling for 3, and small farmery; inexpensive pleasure grounds.—Box K 4,385, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

40 MINUTES SOUTH OF LONDON.
ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

TO BE SOLD, a comfortable and attractive RESIDENCE, exceptionally well fitted and quite up to date in every way. It stands in finely timbered grounds of 2 acres, with tennis lawn for 2 courts, orchard, kitchen garden, 2 greenhouses, etc. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall (27ft. by 16ft.) with well fireplace, drawing room opening to grounds, billiard room, dining room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; the drainage was entirely relaid a few years ago; Company's water.—Box K 4,420, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

JUST OVER AN HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.
A DRIVE OF WOBURN ABBEY.

A COMPACT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for SALE, comprising a fine old GEORGIAN HOUSE, in excellent order throughout, containing: 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; stabling for 6 horses, motor garage, etc.; lovely old-world grounds, well timbered; 2 modern cottages, meadow-land, etc., in all about 14 acres.—Box K 4,293, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

VILLA MAGDA, BEAULIEU, SOUTH FRANCE.—To LET, for the Season, long or short period, or would be SOLD, a most comfortably furnished VILLA, situated on high ground; sheltered garden and croquet lawn. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms (2 double-bedded), bathroom (h. and c.), excellent sous-sol, accommodation for 6 servants; telephone, gas, electric light; certificated English sanitation; servants, plate, and linen by arrangement.—Particulars and photographs from ERNEST W. GILCHRIST, Wellington Club, London, S.W.

WOODFORD GREEN (MONKHAM'S DRIVE).—To be LET or SOLD, 5 minutes from Woodford Station, large modern detached RESIDENCE, with motor-house if required: 3 reception rooms, large lounge hall and cloakroom, 8 bedrooms, and bathroom with shower bath. Price, Leasehold (99 years), £1,600; Freehold, £2,250. Rent, £125.—Apply, BARCLAY, 16, Devonshire Square, E.C.

HIGH, OPEN SITUATION.
INVIGORATING AIR.

WIMBLEDON COMMON (extensive views over).—For SALE, Freehold, a handsome modern RESIDENCE, most

SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT AND MAGNIFICENTLY APPOINTED.

Noble hall (40ft. by 25ft.), billiard, handsome conservatory, 4 reception rooms having oak floors, 16 bed and dressing rooms, bath, excellent offices, servants' hall. Stabling for 6, with 4 rooms over. Pleasure grounds of 2 acres, including tennis lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, range of 4 glasshouses. Electric light, modern sanitation, excellent decorative repair.—Box HS 76, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED.
NEARLY 400FT. ABOVE SEA,
and adjoining the lovely Heath.

HAMPSTEAD.—FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, a charming RESIDENCE, standing detached in its own well-laid-out grounds, including full-sized tennis lawn. The House is remarkable for its unique planning, it being so arranged as to secure South and South-West aspects for all the principal rooms, from the windows of which extensive views are obtained. It is a non-basement Residence, having a FINE CENTRAL HALL, with gallery, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices. Solid oak and pitch-pine floors, mahogany doors. Electric light, and every convenience. Ample room for motor garage if wished. A moderate price would be accepted at once, as the house is now too large for owner.—Box HS 74, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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KENT.—In an excellent social neighbourhood, surrounded by the seats of noblemen, the above-depicted MANSION to be LET, containing about 30 bedrooms, suite of magnificent reception rooms, billiard room, spacious entrance hall, richly carved oak staircase, etc.; stabling for 12 horses, farmery, laundry, and numerous glasshouses. Nobly timbered park of 98 ACRES, and nearly a mile of excellent trout fishing.
Apply, F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. Inspected and strongly recommended. (U 1,570)

AMIDST SCENERY OF UNRIVALLED BEAUTY.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—This particularly fine and genuine old TUDOR RESIDENCE to be LET, Furnished, with immediate possession. It is placed amidst scenery renowned for its magnificence, and stands some 800ft. above sea level. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms (2 panelled), billiard room, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample domestic offices; the House is well furnished throughout and is lighted by acetylene gas; the stables accommodate 11 horses and include 2 coach-houses; 6-roomed lodge; the pleasure grounds, which extend to over 12 acres, are well timbered, and include tennis and croquet lawns; shooting; hunting with 3 or 4 packs; golf links near.
Inspected and strongly recommended. Rent moderate.
For terms and further particulars, apply to F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria St., London, S.W. (W 3,066)

IN THE WEALD OF KENT (1½ miles from station).—To be LET, on LEASE, above HISTORICAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE, possessing quantity of rich carving. Approached by drive through an Elizabethan pillared gateway. Contains: hall, oak-panelled smoking room with Jacobean mantel, panelled morning and drawing rooms, dining room, hall and billiard room, 2 staircases, 13 bed and dressing rooms; extensive stabling, and 6-roomed cottage; grounds contain magnificent timber, and comprise 5 acres; acetylene gas, Co.'s water.
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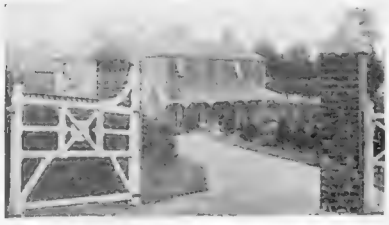
IN THE FAVOURITE DISTRICT OF CHALFONT ST. GILES.

38 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—The above exceedingly choice and well-built RESIDENCE, artistically designed throughout, for SALE, together with 2¾ or 6 ACRES. It stands 400ft. up, in beautifully laid-out grounds, and contains: inner hall (20ft. by 27ft.) with inglenook, drawing room, library, dining room (19ft. by 13ft. 6in.), 8 bedrooms, bathroom, w.c., etc.; usual domestic offices; excellent stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, harness room, etc., with man's room and loft over; fine rural views; Co.'s water; gravel soil; close to golf links; station 1 mile. Price, £2,950 for house and 2 acres.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,252)

HUNTING WITH THE BERKELEY.



IN THE STROUD DISTRICT.—This substantially built and attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, or SOLD: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), usual domestic offices; excellent stabling with living rooms over; 10 acres of grounds, inexpensive to maintain; nearest station 1¼ miles. Terms very moderate.
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DELIGHTFULLY RURAL. EASY REACH OF TOWN.

HERTS (within 50 minutes of the City).—£1,200 will PURCHASE this artistic and thoroughly well-built modern RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 3 acres. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2 horses, etc.; Co.'s water and gas laid on; golf links near.
F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,004)

STANDING IN GROUNDS OF EXCEEDING BEAUTY.

KENT (within 34 miles of Town).—To be LET, on Lease, this handsome and imposing RESIDENCE, delightfully placed in a beautifully timbered park. The accommodation is sufficient for the needs of a moderate-sized establishment, the bedrooms numbering some 16 or 17; ample stabling accommodation, and exceedingly well-laid-out gardens; the farm, with small homestead and several cottages, can be included in the letting, if required.
For terms and further particulars apply, F. J. Ronald, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,576)

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WINTER WARMTH—SUMMER WEIGHT.
THE BURBERRY IDEA OF A WINTER OVERCOAT.

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Smart, serviceable, body-warming, yet so light in weight, supple, and free from restriction that to walk in it is a pleasure.

The Rusitor is the most comfortable overcoat in which to face the bitter blasts of winter, whether or no the occupation be active, and whenever exposure calls for protection, while its lack of weight is a continual source of satisfaction.

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BASINGSTOKE. And Agents in Chief Provincial Towns of United Kingdom and France.

GREAT SALE

OF

Day and Evening Gowns

NOW PROCEEDING.

Elegant Dress in either cloth or serge in all colours (*see Sketch*). The bodice is tight-fitting and has a tucked yoke and collar of glace silk to match material, same being bordered with tabs of self material edged with silk and finished off with buttons, underneath which is threaded a silk scarf terminating at front with a knot and loosely hanging end.

The sleeves are well cut, the cuffs being trimmed to match yoke.

The skirt has a very deep flounce, finished at top with tabs of the self material with border and buttons to match yoke. A silk sash is threaded through the tabs and is finished off at side of back with a dainty bow.

These dresses are priced ridiculously low during Sale at

40/6

The London Corset Co. have just acquired a stock of French Model Day and Evening Gowns, which they are offering at considerably less than half usual prices. The cut and finish in every case is of the very finest, and only one model has been made of each Gown, with the exception of the one sketched above.

THE LONDON CORSET CO., 28 NEW BOND ST., W.

0816

By MRS. JACK MAY

It is required of me to talk about sales. As a matter of fact, there is very little else to talk about. The air resounds with reductions, and we poor chroniclers are being hard put to it to find fresh words in which to tell the old, old story. For, on the surface of things, it is the same old story. On one issue we may rest well assured, that the sales will inevitably do for the long, slim, seal paletôt. The coney presentments, full length, are marked down to £5 or thereabouts, and not only in one establishment, but several.

Paquin's, Dover Street

The woman acutely alive to the value of exclusive style allied to immaculately cut rich and rare fabrics and trimmings never fails to visit, and at the very earliest opportunity, moreover, the clearance at Paquin's. The duration of this sale depends entirely on the assiduity of the buyers, as only models are disposed of. Throughout January, however, it is the custom here to build costumes out of any materials in stock at modified prices.

In respect of the made-up goods a lead is taken by millinery, all the hats and toques dropping to less than half the original prices. There are some lovely modified picture shapes in moire, the brims lined velvet. One of these, executed throughout in a prune shade, has the left side caught up with a great *cocarde*. A brown velvet toque, the high *pouf* crown arranged on heavy pipings, carries at the one side a full bow of silver lace. Another toque is most effectively arranged in a dark elephant-grey corduroy, set within a turban brim of grey astrachan.

There are just a few fur models left over, astrachan and broadtail coats, ornamented with braid and delightful touches of embroidery; a seal musquash wrap, trimmed wolverine; stole and muff sets of skunk, fox, etc. All these are much reduced; as also are the costumes, afternoon and evening toilettes, and *recherché* carriage and evening wraps.

The gowns and mantles are divided into two ranges, the first ticketed with such incredible prices as 6, 8, 10, and 12 guineas, sums that bear no sort of relation to even the cost of the materials. Among the *galère* is an old rose manteau, trimmed jet and lined white satin; a *chic* tussore frock, just the thing for the Riviera; a *nattier* blue serge suit, the coat trimmed grey satin bands and pipings; and several smart cloth confections. In the second range of gowns, etc., the reductions descend approximately one-third, several of these models boasting fur trimmings, as for example, a rose-coloured striped cloth coat and skirt, a creation alike in colour and character of to-morrow rather than to-day, that is completed by a smoke-fox collar, while on a three-piece costume of green cloth there is introduced a great collar of sable. And simultaneously with this sale of models that have served their end in securing orders, Madame Paquin is revealing still fresher designs inspired by the social exigencies of the Riviera.

Photo *Henri Manuel*

A Young Girl's Frock for the Riviera

This *chic* little Princesse gown of pure white cloth is a model by Bechoff David. It is trimmed with *plissé* Mechlin lace, and is cut *décolleté* below a tucked net chemisette. The hat is of black silk beaver, plumed with ostrich feathers

Messrs. John Barker, Kensington

It is a trite but true saying that the largest markets are always the cheapest to buy in. And as year succeeds year the growth is appreciable of those remarkable easy chairs and settees which this Kensington firm build throughout in their own workrooms, and consequently offer to the public at manufacturer's prices. From the initial frame-work to the last button or piece of cord the presiding genius of this furnishing department personally satisfies himself as to the soundness of all the materials

employed, and the result of this infinite expenditure of care is bearing that best of all fruits, a wide appreciation.

It is becoming almost a figure of speech, when anyone murmurs a desire for an arm-chair, to say, "Oh! John Barker's, Kensington, of course! No one can touch that source, either in point of price or value." It is not easy, I can assure you, to keep the supply up to the level of the demand. But not only is this achieved, but a certain showroom surplus left to be disposed of during January at sale prices.

This year, among the latter, is the "Willoughby" model, upholstered in tapestry, at 3 guineas. Our accompanying illustration speaks more eloquently than words as to the eminently comfortable type of rest-chair this really is. And a very slight acquaintance with the subject enables one to realise the sensational character of the price. Almost everyone has his or her own particular fancy as to what constitutes the ideal easy-chair. But all seem to be agreed as to the desirability of the deep spring seat, the distinguishing feature of the "Barclay," the subject of the second illustration. Upholstered in a charming flowered tapestry, £3 10*s.* is a mere bagatelle of a price to ask for such a handsome production. And these are but two, picked haphazard out of a selection that embodies every imaginable style of chair and settee, from a useful upright at 18*s.* 6*d.* to the Barker Special Chesterfield at £5 5*s.*, a price that secures hair stuffing throughout and a tapestry cover. A very exceptional taste also is evidenced in the choice of materials employed as coverings; in fact, no single item has been overlooked by Messrs. John Barker in bringing these special furniture productions of theirs up to the highest pitch of perfection.

The "Willoughby," in Tapestry, the Sale Price of which is £3 3s.

The "Barclay," in Tapestry, with Deep Spring Seat, the Sale Price of which is £3 10s.

A quantity of beautiful napery at exceptional reductions is proving a big feature of the sale at

Robinson and Cleaver, 156-170, Regent Street

The fastidious housewife has here the fullest justification in laying out capital with a view to effecting economy in the long run. Pure Irish linen tablecloths—grass-bleached—measuring 2 by 2 yds., start at 3*s.* 6*d.*, a particularly fine quality, 2½ by 4 yds., ranging from 29*s.* to 38*s.* 6*d.*, dinner napkins to match working out in a like proportion.

Beautiful linen sheets, washed ready for use, 2 by 3 yds. long, commence at 16*s.* 11*d.*, a very big reduction being attached to embroidered, frilled, hemstitched, and lace-trimmed sheets—luxurious creations, fit to grace any house; while the diversity of choice in bedspreads is extraordinary, embroidered qualities ranging from 19*s.* 6*d.*, and lovely linen and lace spreads from 39*s.* 6*d.*

Over the other wing of the establishment devoted to dress matters, the sale wind has blown with considerable fierceness. Tailor-made suits in tweeds, cloths, and serges, approximately costing originally 6½ guineas, have all been placed at the uniform price of 63*s.* to clear, some smart, serviceable wrap-coats going at 20*s.*, and a useful white mackintosh, the "Windsor," at 18*s.* 11*d.* Well represented in their bargain guise are those useful robes for day and evening wear, one of these in washing zephyrs being well worth buying in advance at 9*s.* 11*d.*, this sum including full bodice material, an unmade white muslin robe, with new deeply flounced skirt, trimmed *broderie Anglaise*, standing at a like sum.

Millinery, again, is thoroughly well worth investigating here, but wherever the eye turns it meets the same bargain spirit at 156, Regent Street.

Sale of Irish Linens

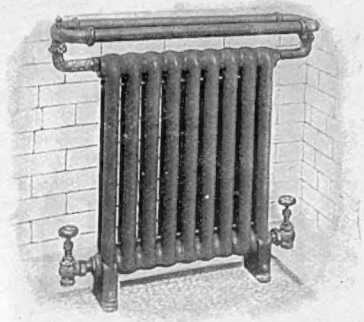
During January, Robinson and Cleaver, 44, 1, Donegall Place, Belfast, hold a great sale of their splendid Irish linens for household and personal use. All our readers should write off for the sale list, which will be sent by return on receipt of a postcard. Their exquisite damasks, linen sheetings and pillow-cases, towellings, etc., are immensely reduced in price, and the daintiest of handkerchiefs are obtainable at tempting prices. This, indeed, is the opportunity to procure household and personal linen for the coming year at lower prices than elsewhere obtainable.

A Good Garter

Men will be pleased to hear of a garter that is comfortable to wear, and one that will not tear the socks. Such a garter is the Velvet Grip Boston Garter, with the patent rubber button. It is the height of perfection, and may be obtained at all leading drapers and hosiers in cotton, plain or check, 1*s.* per pair, or in silk, plain elastic, 2*s.* per pair.

Patent Brass Towel Rail and Cast-Iron Radiator for Bathrooms, Lavatories, &c. &c., CAN BE FIXED TO ANY HOT-WATER APPARATUS.

The width of the Radiator proper is 4¾in., but over the Towel Rail it is 8¾in., and the Towel Rail adds 11 5-8in. to the length for each size. The Towel Rail can be supplied Nickel Plated, and the Radiator can be made Rustless.



Made in 9 to 18 sections, the 9 sections measure 1ft. 11 3-8in. over the Radiator proper, and each extra section adds 2 9-16in. Made by

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will prevent and relieve all this. It **ALLAYS IRRITATION,** cures and heals all Eruptions, **CHILBLAINS,** &c., and renders the **SKIN SOFT, FAIR,** and **DELICATE.** Sizes 2/3 and 4/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION.
Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.
Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.

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ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard St., LONDON.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Conscription for Girls

They have been talking quite earnestly in Germany about the usefulness of a sort of conscription among girls, a call to bind each and every one to go through compulsory training for a given time for the house and the kitchen. It sounds a drastic measure, but it could not fail to be a fruitful one. However, I hope that whatever Germany may think on the subject, no one will bring such a proposal to England. I fear that were the unlikely to happen, and a law like this to be passed here, we should have many deserters from our female army of cooks, etc.

Domestic Service in Germany

But there would not be so many deserters in Germany. Important as the matter undoubtedly is, German women yet view housecraft all too seriously. It was, we may be sure, German women who framed the idea of compulsory domestic service. It was, indeed, at a conference of women's associations that the suggestion was made. Yes, German women theoretically, and I had always thought practically also, take their households too seriously. They believe, and they often act on the principle, that they should work too long, too much, too arduously, and too exclusively. This is not elevating. It is not cheering for their husbands and children, and it is not necessary, since once your house is clean (and there are plenty of clean houses in England without such excessive labour) it is ridiculous to pine to make it cleaner. But—and here comes the amusing part—I read with amazement that the German woman considers that German women often fall short of the national ideal of housekeeping. I had thought once with awe and some dislike of the German woman as a person who arose before daylight to do her washing. I had trembled over her cunning as a cook and a user-up of pieces. I had always been assured that she knew how to "do things," whereas I (personifying England, of course) was a mere domestic infant. I had always been told that she was trained from her childhood, and that *after* her childhood she got another training as stiff and serious and whole-hearted and technical as that of an English girl who was to take her B.A. or study medicine. I was told all this, and I shivered, and admired, and reverenced, yet withal disliked, the horribly womanly superiority of the German woman. Yet now, behold what is said of her, out of her own mouth, by women delegates of her own nation and in her own country! I quote it exactly as I read it in my daily newspaper: "The conference discussed the difficulties which arise between mistress and servant, and various delegates argued that friction was often due as much to the ignorance of the mistress as to the incapacity of the servant." So down goes our theory that all Germans are irreproachable in domesticity! Ah! well, it only proves that human nature is the same the world over, and that even in the land of the Kaiser there are ignorant mistresses and incapable maids.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME DAINTY SAVOURIES

Tomato Canapés
Tomates en Surprise
Shrimps on T ast
Herring Roes Kromeskies
Sardine Eggs
Bloater Fillets
Spaghetti à l'Italienne

Tomato Canapés

Cut some slices of bread two and a half inches in diameter and an eighth of an inch thick, fry them a pale colour, and spread them when cold with Parmesan butter, that is butter and Parmesan cheese well pounded together. Dip small tomatoes in hot water, skin them, and put one on each piece of bread, arranging some finely minced parsley around and grated Parmesan on the top of each.

Tomates en Surprise

Peel round tomatoes of even size, cut them in halves, and scoop out the centre; in each one lay a fresh uncooked egg, without breaking the yolk, dust with salt and pepper, and cover each with a spoonful of rich white sauce, and then with grated cheese. Put in a hot oven, and cook till the egg is set.

Shrimps on Toast

Put two pennyworth of picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot; pile upon small squares of buttered toast. Put in a hot oven for one minute, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Herring Roes Kromeskies

Sprinkle four soft roes of herrings with pepper and roll each in a slice of bacon. Fry in bacon fat or butter for five or ten minutes, and place each slice on hot buttered toast or fried croûtons of bread.

Sardine Eggs

Cut some hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, and remove the yolks carefully, so as to keep the whites whole. Skin and bone some sardines, chop them finely, season with a few drops of vinegar, pepper, and salt. Fill the whites of the eggs with this mixture, scatter the chopped yolks on the top. Serve on lettuce with a good salad dressing.

Bloater Fillets

Skin two large bloaters, split them down the back, remove the fillets from the bones, place on a grid-iron over or before the fire, and broil until nearly tender, dip them first in oiled butter, and then in grated Parmesan cheese. Have ready some neatly cut slices of hot buttered toast, place a fillet on each, sprinkle with a few fried breadcrumbs, and put in a very hot oven for a few minutes.

Spaghetti à l'Italienne

Cook 3oz. of spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender (it will take from twenty to thirty minutes), drain it well, and put it into a hot saucepan with 1oz. of butter, cut into pieces. Season with salt and white pepper, and scatter in 3oz. of grated cheese; turn the spaghetti lightly and quickly with a fork until the cheese melts, then stir in sufficient tomato sauce to moisten it, and, when this is well mixed and hot, serve at once. This makes an excellent savoury.

EMILIA.

HOOPING-COUGH.
CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

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"Baroness Meltzing request Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

The Editor's Box

The Coliseum

This week there are two outstanding attractions at the Coliseum—the first, Cyril Maude and Elise Craven in "Mr. Jellicoe and the Fairy," written by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare, with music by Edward Jones; and the second, the Slaviansky Russian Choir from St. Petersburg. "Mr. Jellicoe and the Fairy" is a delightful entertainment for the children. The hard-hearted Mr. Jellicoe is played by Mr. Cyril Maude, the Queen of the Fairies by Miss Elise Craven. The Russian Choir was founded by the late Mr. D. I. Slaviansky, who was the first to conceive the idea of collecting the old folk songs of the Slavonic people and singing them in public. The chorus is composed of male and female voices, all of a high standard of excellence. Others in the bill are Eli Hudson, Olga and Elgar, Holden's Mannikins, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas in scenes from Dickens, Russell and Held and Minnie Mace, singers and dancers; Vanando, the ventriloquist; and Pipifax and Paulo, comedy acrobats.

London Hippodrome: The Seventy Polar Bears

Naturally one asks, how has such a unique collection been made? Well, it has taken Mr. Hagenbeck, the biggest animal collector of all time, a good twelve years to amass the seventy Polar bears now appearing in the Christmas spectacle, real sons and daughters of Polar regions. It used to be thought impossible to train the Polar bear, but when Mr. Hagenbeck proved this to be an error he asked the whale-hunters to bring him any cubs they could obtain. The oldest of his bears at the Hippodrome is nearly fourteen years of age, and the youngest about two years. Even as tiny cubs, Mr. Hagenbeck has to pay whalers a very high sum for their capture, and he can seldom buy a baby bear for much less than £100, while, trained as they are, this collection is worth over £15,000, and no amount of money would persuade the owner to part with them. In "The Arctic" the bears make their entrance after the actors have told their story of adventures of men who seek to find the North Pole. The whole seventy may be seen at each performance, and at least fifty of them dive from varying heights into the water, while the remaining twenty roam round the ice-fields and over a ship crushed by the floes. It is safe to say that London has never seen anything approaching such a spectacle.

Strand Theatre

A series of matinées unique in the annals of theatrical management in London is being presented at this theatre, and should prove an immense attraction to young and old. Master Moritz Lutzen, a boy musician of only fourteen years, has composed the music for a pantomime entitled *Cinderella*, and he also conducts the orchestra. The pantomime is performed entirely by children. The title-rôle of Cinderella is delightfully played by little Mary Glynne, who has won many hearts with her acting in *The Merry Peasant*. Another wonderful child actress, Rosie Fitzgerald, impersonates the Prince.

A Children's Charity

A new and original fairy play, entitled *The Princess and the Doll*, by George and Dickson Rudert, will be produced for the first time at two matinée performances on January 11 and 12 at the Royal Albert Hall Theatre, W. The play is being given in aid of the Bat and Ball Club—in connection with the Children's Page of the *Ladies' Field*—which was inaugurated just a year ago, and now

"Thank You!"

has an ever-increasing membership. This Club is designed to interest the children of the better classes in the children of the poor, its chief object being the purchasing of bats, balls, and toys, but especially outdoor games, for children whose circumstances make it impossible to have such playthings.. The whole proceeds of the play—which is being acted almost entirely by clever children, including Miss Vera Le Fleming—will go towards the funds of the Club. Early in the New Year a substantial tea, an entertainment, and a distribution of toys is to be given to some hundreds of boys and girls gathered from the poorest districts in Town. Every ticket sold means joy and gladness for some of London's poverty-stricken little ones. Prices of admission, £1 1s., 10s., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Tickets can be obtained from the offices of the *Ladies' Field*, 3-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. Telephone: 1575 Gerrard.

The Coronet Theatre

Mr. Robert Arthur is giving at the Coronet Theatre for the holiday season a revival run of *The Private Secretary*, with Mr. Stanley Cooke in the rôle of the Rev. Robert Spalding. Altogether forty performances of Charles H. Hawtrey's popular and perennial farce will be given. There are matinees this week—to-day (Wednesday), to-morrow, and Saturday.

Maskelyne and Devant

Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Devant are appearing at all performances at St. George's Hall during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Maskelyne will present "Oh!" one of his most famous illusions. Mr. Devant will introduce a new mystery, entitled "The Magic Cloak," and, by special request, will revive the wonderful "Mascot Moth." "The Problem of Diogenes," "The North Pole," and the performances of Doraswami, Mr. Gus Fowler, Mr. Owen Clark, and Mr. Barclay Gammon will also be included in the Christmas programme.

Grand Theatre, Croydon

The patrons of this theatre are being given the opportunity of witnessing that rollicking Gaiety musical piece, *Our Miss Gibbs*. It would be hard to find a better entertainment than this for the Christmas holidays. Mr. Dance's excellent No. 1 touring Company works with a will.

Marlborough Theatre

"Always Merry and Bright." This is the motto of the Marlborough pantomime, *Babes in the Wood*. The splendid company has evidently been selected with infinite care, while the gorgeous scenery is most effective. There are in the cast such established favourites as Daisy Wood (a dainty principal girl), Ruth Lytton (a dashing principal boy), Ernie Mayne, and Hal Forde.

A Pantomime Star

This year's pantomime at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham, is fortunate in having so charming an actress and singer as Miss Gracie Sinclaire to play the name-part in *Goody Two-Shoes*. While she is on the stage one is compensated for any shortcomings the show may possess. Mr. Roland Bottomley sings well, Miss Queenie Leighton, late of Drury Lane, is the principal boy, and they are supported by a very ard-working company.

Karswood Creosote

Catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, colds, whooping cough, etc., are immediately cured by a few drops of Karswood Creosote on your handkerchief and pillow at night. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 6d., sprinkler top bottles. —E. G. Hughes, Chem., 17, Deansgate, Manchester.